

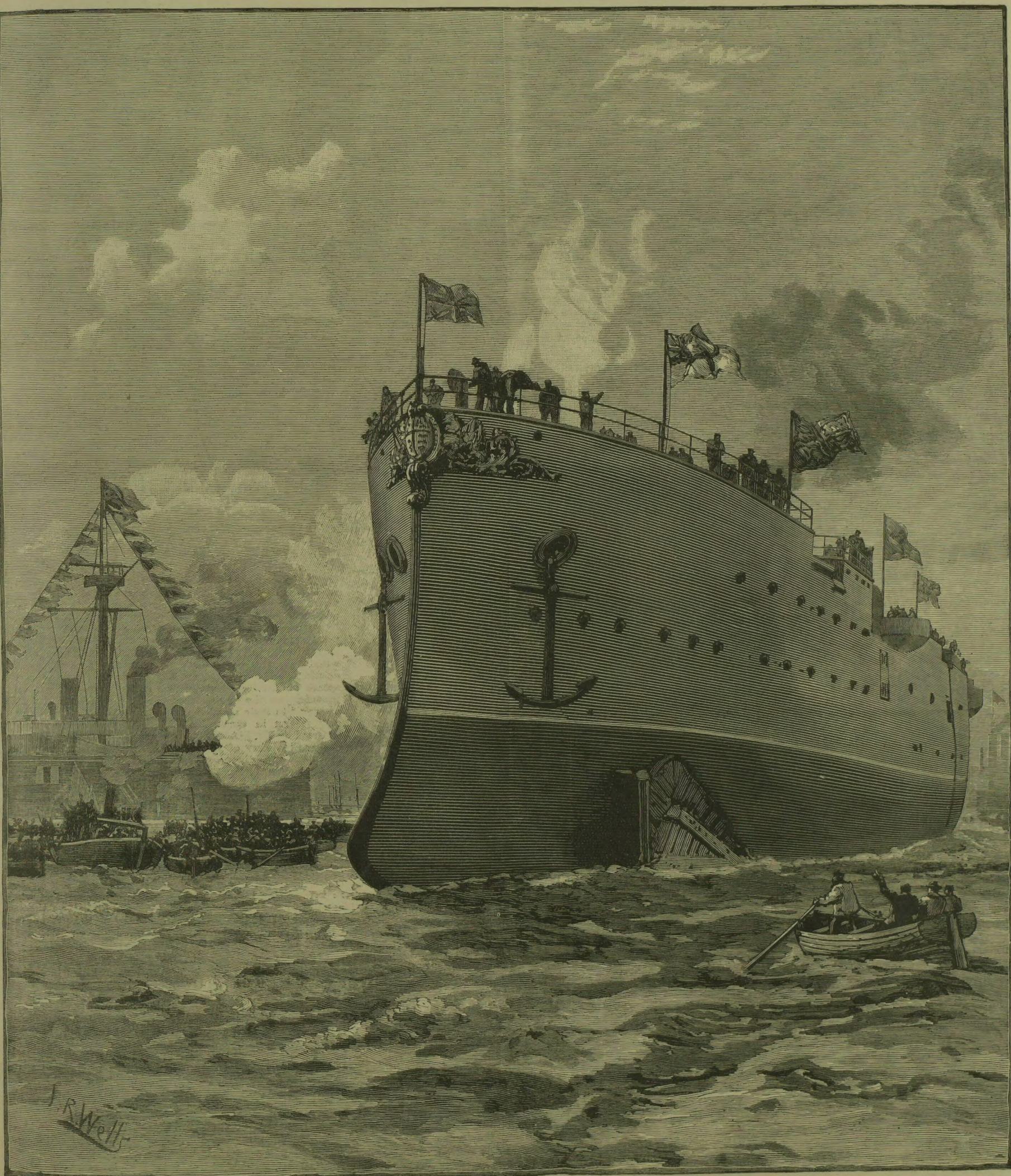
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2707.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

TWO } SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ARTHUR BY THE QUEEN AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We have been having—to borrow a metaphor from the Emerald Isle—quite an Indian summer of London fogs. The twenty-third of February was rather a late date for one, but it was a magnificent specimen, and I was so fortunate as to secure a fragment of it. As the coachman refused to bring out the brougham in such weather, and much less the chariot, I had to go home that evening in a four-wheeled cab. An artist could have made nothing of such an experience: it was a story of travel without illustrations. Complete privacy was secured without that precaution of "breathing on the glass" recommended to those in a carriage without blinds, and throughout the whole three miles—and this in the heart of London—not a human being was visible. As there seems no reason why these fogs should not go on till May, this piece of advice may be worth giving, "Avoid the Marble Arch." (It is no use saying so when you are once there, for you are as likely, despite all precautions, to run into it, as not.) The fog is thickest in that spot almost always, and so is the traffic. What is very curious, the inside passenger who knows the locality sees—no, nobody sees anything—feels where he is better than his driver. The latter, surrounded by wild hansoms, omnibuses reduced to idiotcy, and railway vans, confident in their strength, and slowly but surely progressing and committing homicide, has quite enough to do without thinking about topography. When *my* man piteously inquired through the front window, which I had turned into a ticket pigeon-hole for purposes of communication, "Where are we, Sir?" I was able to reply quite confidently, "Your horse is on the pavement of Hyde Park Terrace, and your cab—and I—are obstructing the whole stream of the Bayswater traffic." The poor man had taken the wrong side of the big lamp-post which (its illuminating power reduced to that of a farthing rushlight) shone like only a very moderately good deed in an exceedingly naughty world.

When the reign of Universal Brotherhood sets in, I do hope the Socialist Government will permit a few policemen to be retained for service in our London fogs. Their conduct on such occasions is beyond all praise. Not to mention the indomitable valour with which they stand in the whirlpool of vehicles, like the Duke of Wellington among the cannon-balls ("him not caring one blow"), their civility and good temper under such circumstances are miraculous. To such an apparently frivolous question, put by my driver, as "Be so good as to tell me if I am in the Edgware Road?" they answered, "Certainly not: first turning to the left, and then to the right," as though they were directing an entire stranger to the Metropolis at noonday. I say *they*, but it is quite possible that there was only one of them, around whom we circumnavigated (as we did the lamp-post) many times. It was after this last information that my cabman got down from his box and observed to me with great triumph, like one who has discovered land after forty days' sail, "This is the curb, Sir. I think you would find it safer to get out and walk." This was an imputation upon my personal courage which was not to be listened to; moreover, I had long been revolving the matter in my own mind, and had come to the conclusion that it was better to meet the impact of heavy vehicles with an intermediate object (the cab) between me and them than without it. I had even got to recognise the exact nature of the unseen object. When a jar occurred, we had only walked into another cab; when the vehicle violently oscillated, as though the horse was shaking himself, that was a railway van walking into *us*; when there was only a slight shock, followed by a noise of splintering, I knew that we had destroyed a costermonger's barrow, even before the donkey had begun to bray. (This, by-the-by, is a dreadful sound in a fog, when immediately under your cab window.) To the impertinent suggestion above mentioned I only answered "Home!" and threw myself back on the seat with a lordly air. "Resolution and independence"—to quote the poet Wordsworth—carried the day, and eventually we did get home (or at least *I* did), not much above two hours after dinner. My advice to the cabman, with whom I parted with great affection—like Lord Alvanley when his man had brought him back safe from the duel at Wormwood Scrubbs—was, "Don't you go back, my friend, by the Marble Arch," which, with some very condemnatory expressions directed against himself if he should prove to be such a fool as to try it, he promised not to do.

What is very curious in connection with this subject, and illustrates the disposition of the human mind, notwithstanding all our pessimistic talk, to look upon the bright side of things, is that every morning during those dark weeks people always said, "Here is another fog!" ignoring the fact that it was the same fog, which had never lifted for a second all night, nor was the least likely to lift. Also, I should like to know how the clever people who explain fogs upon scientific principles—by the condition of the atmosphere, smoke, density of the population, and so on—get over the fact that it is foggy in one part of the town, and clear in another, and vice versa the next day, though in neither case is there any wind stirring.

Circles that in general are well content to be considered "serious" have been making themselves merry over a case of Mohammedan ritual in our Supreme Court of Judicature. The question of whether a man belongs to the Hamafi or Wahabi sect seems to them ludicrously unimportant, and the points of ceremonial which define the difference beneath contempt. The question was whether the word "amen" was pronounced in a low or a loud voice, and whether the hands of the priest were raised to the ears at a particular part of the service. Of course there is humour in this; but hardly, one would have thought, for "serious" circles. Yet perhaps the Mohammedan thinks it rather funny that the question of lighting candles in the

daytime should "convulse," but by no means with laughter, our ecclesiastical world; or that the bringing up of a child in one of two religions, not less analogous to one another than those of the Jumpers and the Shakers, should agitate "serious" society in this country to its foundations.

Apropos of the discussion as to whether the Lord Mayor has "conveyed" Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, or Mr. Spurgeon has conveyed it himself from the records of the preachers of the Long Parliament, I find a delightful reply given to his enemies by a well-known divine who was more than suspected of plagiarising from Paley. "Why don't you publish those beautiful and original sermons of yours?" they inquired, satirically. "Well, of course, I could reproduce the matter," he said, with a self-satisfied air, "but hardly *the manner*."

One is glad to see from the words, "No flowers, by special request," now added to so many obituary notices, that the wicked and wasteful custom of throwing these beautiful gifts into the grave is falling into deserved disuse. I have known instances where "wreaths," coming too late for the sad ceremony, have been transferred to hospitals, and the grateful welcome with which they have been received has taught the donors a lesson worth the learning. Who ever heard of a dying person—though some of them are solicitous enough about the details of their burial—asking for this posthumous tribute? Some death-bed wishes as to sepulture have a certain poetry in them, notwithstanding their material character. A Chicago millionaire, the other day, expressed his desire to be buried under an elm-tree which had often sheltered him in life. It was seventy-five feet high, seven in circumference, and twelve miles from the cemetery, but, as he left £2000 for that especial purpose, the transplantation was effected. A hole was bored in the trunk, through which a steel bar was passed, projecting far enough on either side to bear the wire guy-ropes supporting the tree in an upright position, and the roots were carefully wrapped up to prevent them from freezing on the journey. Whether it will grow is a doubtful question, which will interest the friends of arboriculture. But the Chicago gentleman has certainly done his best to secure shade for his last home. In life, perhaps, he suffered from sunstroke.

How very hard up Society seems to be for a novelty! One is not surprised that it begins to feel dinner-parties a little dull, but its efforts to vary their monotony are curious. "The success of a dinner given by a well-known hostess to a number of bachelors, when they were waited on by ladies, was so great that it has been decided to reverse the arrangement, and let gentlemen, attired as butlers and footmen, wait on the ladies." And what next? Well, there will still remain—and much the most amusing of the three—the dinner to the butlers and footmen, waited upon by the gentlemen and ladies.

The author of "The Outcasts" has redeemed the promise of that remarkable work by his (or her?) new novel, "A Draught of Lethe." It is never tedious, which most new novels unfortunately are, and, while abstaining from dealing with the impossible, it is anything but commonplace. There are many stories which we are glad to get to the end of, and this is one of them, but we are not impatient for the usual reason: we really want to know how things eventually turn out. The vivisection of humanity, which, under the euphonious title of character-drawing, is now the vogue, has small attractions to my mind compared with those of a book of this class, which relies, and with justice, upon its powerful scenes and dramatic interest. Doctor Falck—though one would hardly have chosen him for our domestic physician—is a portrait (by no means in water-colours) which readers will not easily forget.

We are told that of all the continents there is none so promising as Africa, but its performance, it must be confessed, is not yet wholly satisfactory. It may be a "nice opening for a young man," but only in the sense in which the gulf at Rome so proved to Curtius: we often see nothing of him again. Even the Europeans who succeed, and live to reap their laurels at home, tell us disagreeable stories of one another, and seem to have their tempers spoiled by the African climate, even if it spares their lives. For the time, indeed, it is generally felt that the less that is said about Central Africa the better for all parties. And now, alas! news comes from its southern and more civilised regions which beats even the ghastly tales of the explorers. At Sierra Leone, where A. K. H. B.—I beg his pardon, I mean L. E. L.—sang her sweetest songs, and died, like the swan, in singing them, and which one has always understood to be under British rule, the strangest things are going on. The natives, it seems, are given up to practical joking of the most violent character. They attire themselves in leopard-skins, and, pouncing on the passers-by from the bushes, not only kill but eat them. We are told that "considerable disquietude" has been caused at Sierra Leone by this practice. The wording of this statement seems even more significant than the news itself. One wonders, if cannibals in leopard-skins only beget disquiet, what sort of conduct produces serious alarm at Sierra Leone?

My temperance friends are wroth with me for the hint I dropped the other day that it was not hospitable to ask one to a wineless board without warning. But why should that have offended them? I took pains to say that at temperance tables it was unreasonable to expect the foaming beaker. I know, indeed, some good souls who do not smoke, and yet provide tobacco for their friends; but conduct so angelic is not generally to be looked for in a selfish world. My indictment was levelled at hosts who have not the excuse of being teetotalers, but who suddenly take it into their heads to give one water instead of wine. What should we say if those who have been wont to welcome us to the feast of reason and the flow of soul

should give us "a little music in the evening" in their place without fair warning? A changed programme should be stated in the bills.

The wrongs of authors are numerous and grave enough without the insertion of imaginary ones, such as have of late been laid at the door of Baron Tauchnitz. It is said that his edition of "English Novelists" is so popular as to cause it to be imported into this country to the injury of native genius. It is, however, only imported in two ways: first, up the sleeve, or in the muff, according as the importer is a male or female pirate; and, secondly, at the direct request of the author himself, made, in writing, through the custom-house. It is possible, of course, that some of these volumes may get into private circulation; but, as for the sale of them, few things should give an author greater pleasure than to see a Tauchnitz volume of his own exposed in a shop window, as it would be equal to £50 to him in damages for breach of copyright. The charge as against the Leipzig firm is as unjust as it is ungrateful. They cannot prevent a few piracies of their 2700 volumes, and they give their English authors as many as they can reasonably require, for nothing. Moreover, even when there was no copyright with this country, they still paid for the books they published. I only wish all German publishers (and some English ones) were like them. After selling his book for a liberal sum to "Tauchnitz," let the British author sell his book to the Teuton who wants a German edition of it, and "see what he gets"—and (especially) what he does not get.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor on the morning of Feb. 26 for Portsmouth to launch the Royal Sovereign battle-ship and the Royal Arthur first-class cruiser, travelling by special train on the South-Western Railway. After the ceremony, which is described at length in another column, her Majesty returned to Windsor.

On Feb. 27 her Imperial Highness the Empress Frederick arrived at the castle, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Margaret of Prussia, and attended by Countess Perponcher and Count Seckendorff. On March 1 the Queen drove out, accompanied by her Imperial Majesty, and the royal dinner-party in the evening included her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick, their Royal Highnesses Princess Margaret of Prussia, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and his Excellency Count Hatzfeldt (German Ambassador).

Their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Beatrice, with her children, and Princess Margaret of Prussia, left Windsor Castle for Buckingham Palace on March 3, and were present at the Drawing-Room on the following day, returning to Windsor on March 5.

The Prince of Wales, who was attended by Colonel Stanley Clarke, and travelled by special train from London, arrived at Windsor Castle at midnight of the same day, on a visit to the Queen and Empress Frederick.

The Prince of Wales visited the Seventh Annual Spring London Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 3. He likewise presided at a meeting of the council of the Hackney Horse Society, and afterwards presented a testimonial portrait to Mr. Walter Gilbey.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, and attended by General Sir Dighton Probyn, has arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham.

The chief events in Parliament have been the debate on the taxation of land—distinguished by a very brilliant speech from Mr. Gladstone, and an important statement by Mr. Chaplin in favour of the division of the rates between owner and occupier—the presentation of the Navy Estimates, and a lengthy discussion on Mr. Stansfeld's motion in favour of "one man one vote" and the reduction of the registration period from twelve to three months. The motion was argued with little freshness or vigour from the Liberal side, the debate being chiefly remarkable for a vigorous and adroit speech of Mr. Chamberlain, who declined to vote with Mr. Stansfeld, on the ground that the Government could not be disturbed in their social work for the sake of introducing a new reform in the Constitution. This view was strongly enforced by Mr. Ritchie, and the motion was rejected by the decisive majority of 102, one or two Liberal members voting against it, in addition to the whole force of the Conservative and Unionist parties.

The dispute between the Shipping Federation and the various unions connected with the shipping industries continues without definite results, and without a formal declaration of war. The Federation is still employing a number of stevedores for work in the Albert Docks, and an affray has taken place between the two sets of workers, in which the Union men were worsted. Mr. H. J. Wilson, the secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, threatens to call out 30,000 men in all the ports in the kingdom; but in this matter his colleagues are not unanimous, and he is opposed by the officials of the Dockers' and Stevedores' Unions. The Cardiff strike nominally continues; but the posts of the "tippers" and "dockers" who left their work have been filled up, and the ordinary routine at the Bute Docks continues much as usual.

The inquest on the body of the woman killed in Whitechapel ended in an open verdict of murder against some person unknown. This practically clears Sadler, the points which made the most favourable impression on the jury being the evidence as to his complete drunkenness a few minutes before the murder took place, the slenderness of the proof that he sold a knife on the morning after the murder, the truthfulness with which he accounted for his movements, and the fact that the murdered woman was seen in company with another man after she parted with Sadler. The case against this man has now been abandoned, and we are therefore thrown back on the still mysterious origin of the Whitechapel series of crimes.

There was a very crowded meeting at the Lyceum Theatre on Feb. 25, when Mr. Egerton Castle, the author of more than one work upon the subject, discoursed on the "Story of Swordsmanship, especially considered in its connection with the rise and decline of duelling"; and some of the ablest fencers of the present time, including Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, Captain Hutton, Dr. Mouat Biggs, and the lecturer himself, illustrated different kinds of single combat by means of bouts within an enclosure.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I have always had a great affection for Under-Secretaries: they embody my ideas of discipline and Constitutional loyalty. No Under-Secretary ever has an opinion of his own. He is usually the mouthpiece of a noble Lord in another place. When the noble Lord changes his opinion (which, in the operation of our blessed Constitution, often happens), the obedient Under-Secretary must blandly contradict himself. He is the consummate automaton of public life. There is Sir James Fergusson, for instance. Out of the House, I have no doubt, Sir James is a living, sentient being, like other mortals; but on the Treasury bench he is an exquisite specimen of political mechanism. It is his business to shroud the foreign policy of this country in polite mystery; so he rises, trim and smiling, to make a speech or answer a question, and sits down with the happy certainty that he has left nobody any wiser than before. I have no political sympathies. I have seen too many Governments, too many party struggles, far too many foreign policies, to excite myself over the doublings and dark sayings of an Under-Secretary. But it is wonderful to observe that the House never gets really used to this official habit. There is a regular Under-Secretary-hunt. Sportsmen rise below the gangway, and gently endeavour to extract information from Sir James. Do the Government sanction the authority of the Khedive over the whole of the Soudan? With the air of a man whose greatest joy is to tell all he knows, the Under-Secretary explains that the Khedive has never abandoned his authority over the Soudan. It is not a direct answer, so another Opposition huntsman dashes in with another question, and the smiling Sir James is gradually pressed into a corner where he cannot double. Do her Majesty's Ministers admit that the Khedive has a rightful authority over the whole of the Soudan? Without moving a muscle, the Under-Secretary says he must have notice of the question, and the sportsmen opposite sound a laughing trumpet-note of triumph. They have not learned anything, they may never learn anything, but they have put the Under-Secretary through his paces, which ought to be appreciated by the strangers in the gallery who help to pay for this diverting method of transacting the national business.

I often wonder that no enterprising journalist has ever thought of interviewing those taxpayers in the gallery. They listen with enormous patience and gravity to debates on the Estimates, though they must frequently be puzzled by the details of expenditure. What passed through their minds when Sir John Pope Hennessy was arguing that the Admiralty and not the War Office ought to control the coaling stations, and Lord George Hamilton was explaining that if this were done it would cost a great deal more money? Sir John's personal appearance must have been very impressive to the stranger. A thin, dried man, with a look of having lived exclusively on Blue Books for many years, Sir John Pope Hennessy is the incarnation of British officialism. Yet about the mouth there is a sort of pragmatical perkiness, a restless determination to be cock of any walk that happens to be in sight. In this lies the great contrast between the ex-colonial governor and the Under-Secretary. Sir James Fergusson must regard Sir John Pope Hennessy as a *lusus nature*, a strange creature that ought to be kept in a cage, and stuffed after death. This was the man who used to drive the Colonial Office out of its wits (which are not copious) by pursuing policies quite inconsistent with routine and red tape. And now he is at it again, even in the sacred precincts of the House. He is actually describing in a cold-blooded way how the military commander at Hong Kong fell out with the Admiral, and telegraphed to the War Office (and incidentally to the Russians) that Hong Kong was left defenceless because the Admiral insisted on taking his ships to meet the supposed enemy. To an Under-Secretary such a story is perilously indecent. He blushes for the immorality of the narrator. What is to become of the exquisite virginity of official reticence if ravishers are allowed to rush around with improper anecdotes?

But I am wandering from the taxpayers in the gallery. What do they seriously think of all this? When Lord George Hamilton says that it will cost a good deal more to garrison a coaling station with marines than it costs to keep a military garrison, do those strangers knit their brows and wish they were allowed to nerve themselves with sips from small bottles? I question whether even smelling-salts are permitted in the Strangers' Gallery. This is hard, for the listening taxpayer must be a good deal tried by these revelations of the impossibility of retrenchment. "Why," he may say to himself—"why should the marine be more costly than Tommy Atkins? Why should the Admiralty spend more money than the War Office?" These are gruesome thoughts. The queerest part of the business is that the War Office should shine in a kind of comparative halo of economy and efficiency. That department has not hitherto been famous for giving the taxpayer the value of his outlay. Mr. Stanhope was forced to confess the other day that Tommy Atkins has to pay for his sea-kit when he is ordered abroad. No doubt the Admiralty would retrench at the expense of the marine, if he were sent to a coaling station. Yet somehow the taxpayer in the gallery would find that the country was more out of pocket by the change. Have you observed how this invariably happens when any Minister institutes a reform, or anything is transferred from one department to another? Personally I consider it a blessed privilege to be the ornament of a Chamber which cannot make any reform without augmenting expenditure. Anybody who looks carefully at me will see that the Bauble is not likely to lend himself to a policy of pinching. If that were to take hold of the House, why, they might end by selling me as a curiosity! But I freely admit (such is the frankness of my disposition) that the taxpayer who listens upstairs is entitled to take a different view, and sometimes I am simply amazed that he sits quiet through the enormities of the national finance.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE STORY OF SWORDSMANSHIP.

BY EGERTON CASTLE.

The "Story of Swordsmanship," as recently told by me at the



CAPTAIN EGERTON CASTLE.

Lyceum Theatre, and practically illustrated, was an attempt to promote a revival of an art which may be said to be almost dead in this country. That the fascinating pursuit of fencing should now find so few devotees in England is deeply to be regretted. As a sport it possesses distinctive qualities invaluable for the completing and refining of an athletic education; for regulated swordplay fosters, perhaps better than any other method of physical training, that paramount quality—nervous self-control in the midst of the most strained muscular exertion. As an art it has a long history, one far more national than is generally supposed. This was kept well in sight on Feb. 25 in the series of practical illustrations: with the exception of two—the modern French and Italian duelling plays—they dealt with the methods of single combat with swords, whether vernacular or imported, practised in England from the sixteenth century until the end of the eighteenth, when the sword ceased to become a necessary article of gentlemanly dress. One of the objects of the lecture was to call attention to the important influence of some central or responsible association in promoting the development of fencing skill.

We had, under another name, a typical "Academy of Arms" long before anything of the kind was even thought of in France—the "Corporation of Masters of Defence," a powerful and privileged body, chartered by Henry VIII., and which endured, not without glory, for almost a century. Under its auspices the fame of the Englishman's "sword and buckler" and his two-handed, or "long sword," shone as effulgent as that of the ponderous *Schwerdt* of the imperially favoured Marxbruder, of the Bolognese *spada da mano e mezza*, and, later on, of the Frenchman's "skill in his rapier." Had this valuable institution endured, had its traditions been allowed to accumulate, there can be no doubt that most Englishmen of the day would be, on the whole, as far ahead of foreigners in scientific swordplay as they are in all other manner of sport or game.

But the privileges of English "Masters of Defence"—and therewith their influence—lapsed under the reign of the first Stuart. The nervous horror of a sword which was one of the many pusillanimous characteristics of that Royal Snob (as Thackeray had it) was doubtless the first cause of the decline of our swordsmen's superiority. Henry VIII. and all the Tudors loved a "tall man, that is a courageous man, a good sword-and-buckler man." King Elizabeth found especial approval even for the more foreign rapier and dagger, when the wielder thereof was fearless and of good grace. But James hated "blades" of any description. Under his reign the Corporation of Defence Masters crumbled—and that, unfortunately, before the nimble and graceful Italian fence had had time to become thoroughly acclimatised. Now the cavalier had to call on "pillars" of the *Académie d'Armes* or on *diestros* from Madrid or Salamanca to learn the elegant management of rapier, dagger, and cloak, and other indispensable elements of gentlemanly science. At home the more plebeian backsword remained the only weapon cultivated by vernacular masters.

The Parliamentary era was not likely to see the promotion of systematic rapier fence, the refined and deadly character of which was too emphatically "malignant." But during that time the hanger, at least—an honest weapon devoid of meretricious trickery—retained a firm hold over a martially disposed people, and at the end of the seventeenth century we certainly had a national system of sword-play, and could boast of a number of swordsmen who, as far as "sturdy hewing and stopping," at any rate, rose as redoubtable as were the members of the *Académie d'Armes* du Roy, with their "pink and drilling" nicety. But the superiority of the good English backsword, unfortunately, began to wane when, in early Georgian days, "bruising" competitions became the rage. Backsword fighting at sharps—the so-called "stage fight"—fell into oblivion, and was replaced in popular favour by boxing.

As to the "gentlemanly arm," by the time the King came home to enjoy his own again in Merry England, the magnificent rapier and dagger so typical of Cavalier manners had already dwindled, in France, to the size of that pernicious bodkin the small sword of Königs-marck pattern (*Galicé*, "*Colichemarde*"). And the fashions of Versailles and St. Germain had taken too firm a hold over Europe, even after the *Roi Soleil's* stupendous reverses, to be denied anywhere. The French sword must be worn by gentlemen, and the neat and precise fencing

MR. WALTER HENNES POLLOCK.  
Editor of the "Saturday Review."

of the Frenchman became an indispensable accomplishment. We English drank port wine and punch to spite French claret; but we had no school of our own left, and to French "Nimblewrist" we must needs apply, not only to learn the correct manner of "coming to the point" in matters of honourable difficulty, and the proper deportment sword in hand, but even such less decorous methods of dealing scientifically with a rough antagonist, by *enclosing and disarming* in case of a sudden rencounter.

Now there is nothing peculiar to the Frenchman to predispose him to sound swordsmanship. His present boasted or real superiority is simply due to the continued existence of a good school in his country, one which teaches respect for "tradition" and the canons of the art. Before the installation of the *Académie d'Armes* in 1567 the French had to learn their swordsmanship from the Germans first, then from the Italians and Spaniards, among whom had long existed guilds of swordsmen similar to our own Corporation of Masters of Defence. All these ultimately lapsed, but the French Academy, royally favoured, endured; hence the ultimate supremacy of French fencing. And in this connection it is curious to notice how closely the Italians are now running the French in the number of high-class swordsmen since the establishment of "normal" schools in Rome, Milan, and Florence.

We in England have now, unfortunately, no real "school," no place where a man can, so to speak, graduate, before presuming to teach others. The result is inevitable. Fencing is, as a rule, badly—very badly—taught; its purpose is misunderstood, and it is, consequently, little cared for. Indifferent as the practice now is, the "theory" is almost worse—a fact amply shown by the too often preposterous "judging" of officially appointed umpires (as far, at least, as foil or stick play is concerned) at our military tournaments. On the other hand, it must be observed that wherever we have been able to keep some "traditions" in swordplay we can show better results than any other country. What foreign trooper can wield a sabre in review or pursuing exercise with a grace and precision to compare with that of our horsemen? What foreign sailor can cut and point with cutlass or sword-bayonet like our trained blue-jackets?

And yet fencing proper is practically a thing of the past with us. Some good can, of course, be done by awakening public interest by means of such displays as the Lyceum was recently the scene of. But until some central school of arms be established, conducted by men of proved ability—not merely such as choose to herald themselves "masters" on their own credentials—correct fencing must remain, the province of a very few *dilettanti*, and will have little chance of being popularised.

## THE INSURRECTION IN CHILE.

Distressing reports of the mischief done on the coast of Chile, in the civil war between the Opposition majority of Congress and President Balmaceda, continue to reach us by telegraph from day to day. The town of Pisagua, a view of which appears this week among our Illustrations, had surrendered to the antagonists of Balmaceda; but when part of this force was removed to carry on the attack of another seaport, Iquique, the President's army recaptured Pisagua, killing a hundred of the garrison and taking eight hundred prisoners, among whom eighteen officers were immediately shot as traitors. The cities of Santiago and Valparaiso were held by large bodies of troops for President Balmaceda, who threatened the severest measures against his opponents, denouncing as rebels large numbers of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Iquique, on Feb. 16, surrendered to the fleet; but next day an attempt was made by the President's troops, under Colonel Soto, to regain possession of the town. There was hard fighting in the streets and on the Pampa near the town; the ships kept up a bombardment, destroying several streets and squares, and many women and children were killed in the houses. The British naval squadron, under Rear-Admiral Hotham, enforced an armistice, while Captain Hedworth Lambton, of H.M.S. *War-spire*, landed and brought away a multitude of helpless people. On Feb. 20 the President's force gave up the contest at Iquique, surrendering to the commander on behalf of Congress.

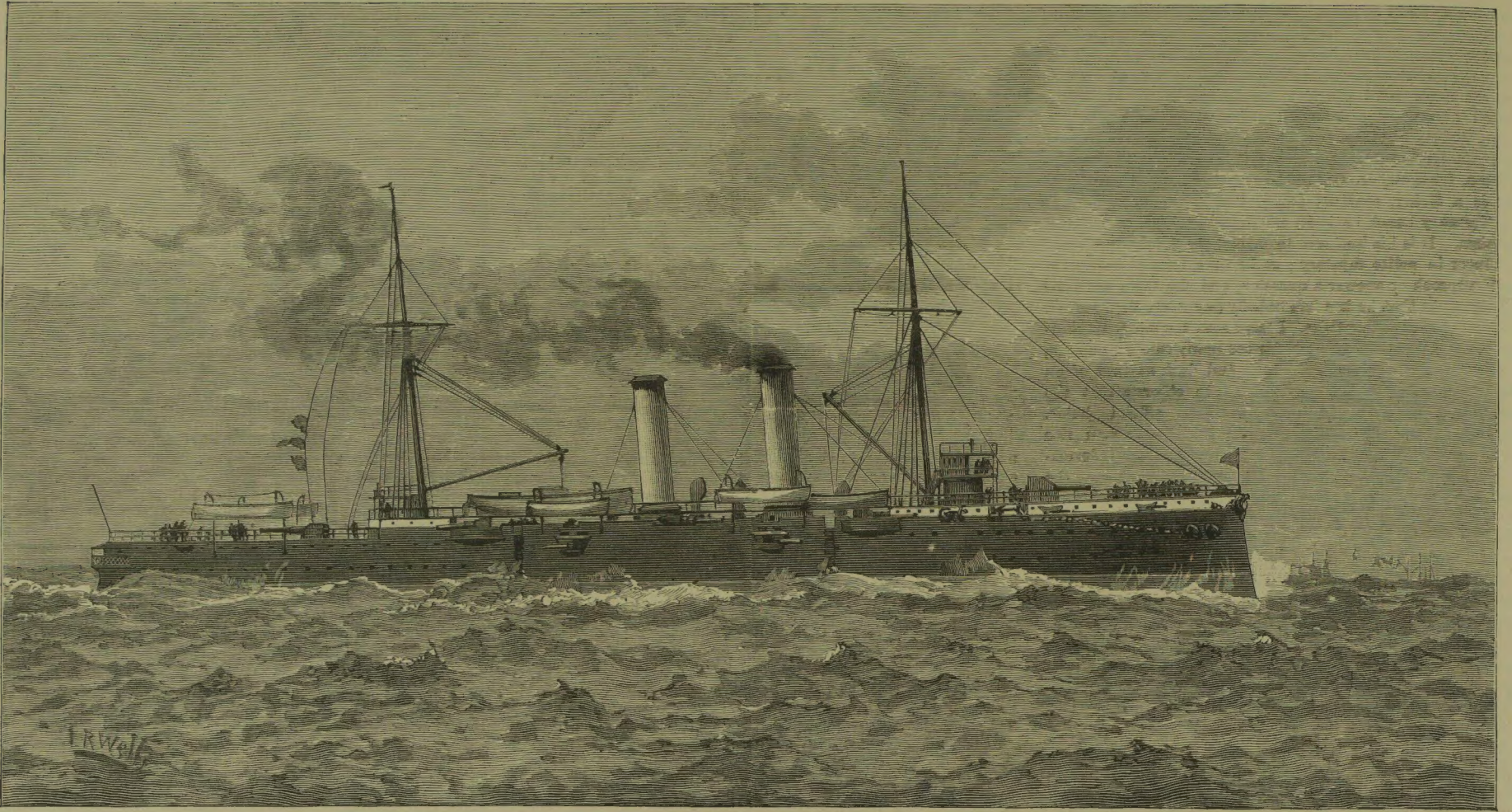
## SCENE IN A CHILIAN WAYSIDE INN.

Our Engraving is copied from a photograph of the painting by Don Manuel Antonio Caro, a Chilean artist of some repute for his sketches of national life and character. A pedlar has stayed at the roadside posada, or inn, to rest and refresh himself, and has been overcome by the potency of the "chicha," supplied to him, whereupon a base advantage is taken of his condition by the son and daughter of the hostess. The former is appropriating one of the Panama hats carried by his inebriate customer, while serving him with another glass of liquor, and the girl is stealthily drawing a ribbon out of the pedlar's basket. The mother is looking furtively at the operations of her hopeful children, if not with approval, certainly without disapprobation; while the "arriero" prudently turns his back, and greets a companion at the door with the offer of a glass of the national drink. Among other pictures by Señor Caro, in the same style, may be noted "The Zamacueca" (the Chilean national dance) and "El Velorio de un Anjelito" (or "wake" of an infant), a custom to which many ancient and curious superstitions are attached.

## THE MIRANZAI MILITARY EXPEDITION.

The Indian Government has been obliged again to order a fresh expedition for the chastisement of unruly mountaineers at the north-west angle of the Punjab. This time, it is in the valleys of the Samana range, extending west of Kohat, beyond the Indus, south-west of Peshawur, the Miranzai tribes having taken a hostile attitude. The first column of the British and Indian force left Kohat on Jan. 21, marching up the Khanki valley and the stony bed of the Ghorbin Toi, which had to be crossed repeatedly at intervals of a few hundred yards. The march was trying both to men and beasts, exposed to severe cold, while the advance-guard, with pickets, went along the hills, at an elevation of 5000 ft. or 6000 ft. On the 23rd and 24th, there was a reconnaissance of the valley above Shahu Khel, by Colonel Read, of the 29th Punjab Infantry, and Colonel Howell, 1st Punjab Infantry; they were fired on at the villages of Gwadr and Katsu, but there was no actual fighting. Our correspondent, Major O. C. Radford, commanding 4th Punjab Infantry, has sent a few sketches. The one we publish is a view of the valley from Shahr Tangi up to Gwadr, with the Ghorbin Toi flowing through it; to the left hand rise the Samana mountains, their summits covered with snow. The mountain to the right is the Boi Darra, 5000 ft. high. The troops are advancing up this valley; in the foreground are two guns of the Hazara mountain battery. The second and third columns meantime proceeded from Hangu and Togh along the other side of the Samana range, but found the passes much blocked with snow. On the 27th and 28th, nevertheless, the three columns united at Gwadr, having met with no opposition.





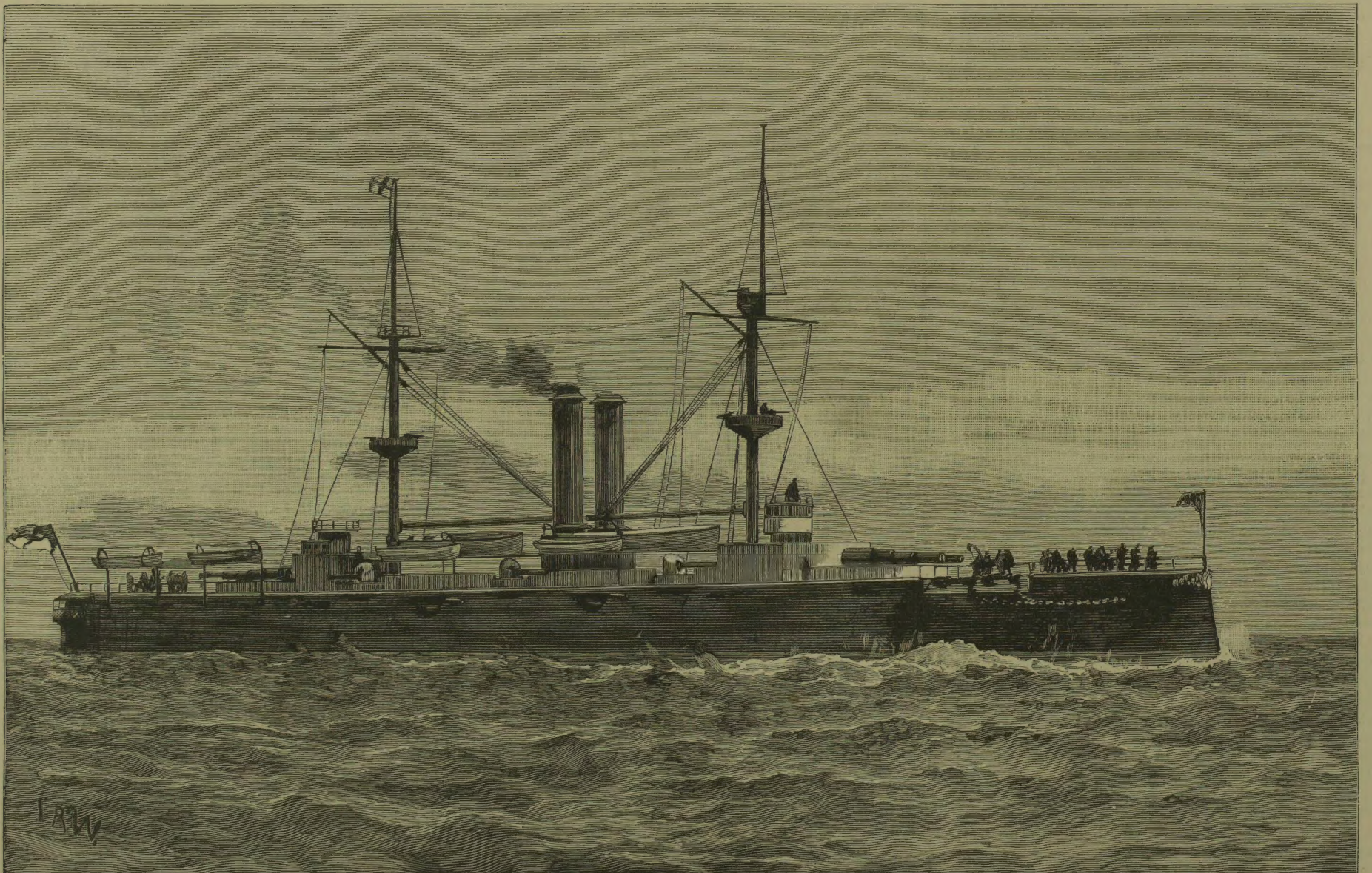
THE ROYAL ARTHUR, NEW ARMOUR-PROTECTED CRUISER FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.

**MRS. BANCROFT'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS.**

A series of entertainments of this kind, arranged by Mrs. Bancroft with the assistance of professional friends, took place on the evenings of Thursday, Feb. 26, and the next two days, at the residence of Mrs. Frederick Beere, in Chesterfield Gardens, in aid of the funds of the Royal School of Art Needlework and the Home of Rest for Nurses, of which Princess Christian is president, under the immediate patronage

of the Queen and other members of the royal family. There were fourteen tableaux vivants in all, and the interest they excited was enhanced by appropriate songs given by Miss Kate Flinn and Mr. Orlando Harley. Among the groups represented were "Charles II. and the Beauties of his Court," "A Lovers' Quarrel and Reconciliation," "The Last Hours of Louis XVI.," "The Cloisters," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," "Duel of the Masked Ball," "Charles the First's Farewell," "Masks and Faces," "Romeo and Juliet," "Trial of

Katharine of Arragon," "Death of Queen Katharine," "You Dirty Boy," "Queen of Beauty," and a "Dance of the Olden Time." The Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar were among the visitors to this series of entertainments, which achieved an entire success. All the costumes for the tableaux vivants were furnished by Messrs. J. Simmons and Son, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.



THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN, NEW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.



DRAWINGS AT THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Till quite recently the public have had few opportunities of seeing the treasures which are stored in the boxes and portfolios of the Print Department of the British Museum. It is true that anyone could see them who obtained permission, and that this permission was easy to obtain. But for the public at large all these thousands of prints and drawings might almost as well have been at the bottom of the sea. Now and then a few screens in the libraries or elsewhere were hung with examples of a fresh bequest or some chosen series of prints, but no attempt has been made till lately to give the public even a faint notion of what has been purchased by the Government for their instruction and with their money. The principal excuse for this has been the want of room for the proper exhibition of such works of art, and Professor Colvin, when a year or two ago he arranged a series of prints to illustrate the history of engraving, had to place them in an out-of-the-way gallery, which was not easy to find even by those who were interested in the subject.

This difficulty has been partly, but only partly, removed by the devotion to the purpose of a gallery in the new "White" wing, conveniently adjacent to the print stores; but the accommodation is yet quite inadequate. In order to make room for the present collection the splendid array of Japanese drawings has had to be "put away," *sine die* in more senses than one, and, unless some more reasonable and, it may be added, more just arrangement is made, the beautiful things now "on exhibition" will, in due course, be also put away, not to be seen again (except by the art student) until the present generation has been "put away" also. It is not the fault of the British Museum authorities generally, still less of those in charge of the Print Room in particular: it is the fault partly of the Government, and partly of the public. It is a national matter. There are



EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: PORTRAIT OF MISS ABBOTT, BY DOWNMAN.

stores of the most harmless amusement and of the most valuable education in the Print Room of the British Museum which it would be wise politically, and just morally, to expose as much as is possible and safe to the eyes of the public. All that is needed is the provision of suitable galleries of sufficient extent, and if the Government will not providethem unasked, and if the public will not demand to have them, it is their fault only.

It is to be hoped that this exhibition may do something to open the eyes of the latter, if not of both. Not any collection of works of art now on view in London, even including the "Guelph" and the "Old Masters," has greater claims to attention, and, seeing that this is mostly the accumulation of six or seven years only, it ought to excite some curiosity with regard to the hidden balance.

Viewed merely as a supplement to the National Gallery, these drawings are of no mean importance. In Trafalgar Square there is no example of Timoteo Viti, whose influence in the development of Raphael's genius is now generally admitted; but here are some beautiful drawings of female heads by this gentle Umbrian. Here, also, is a lovely drawing (once ascribed to Leonardo) by Bernardino de' Conti, the pupil of Foppa, and another fine drawing by a still more important Milanese—Gaudenzio Ferrari, the rival of Luini. Passing some lesser masters of the Italian schools, like Baccio Bandinelli and later men of the decadence (who are still of much interest), we come to an example of Lucas van Leyden—a very interesting drawing of some male prisoners being shuffled out of prison in female costume, with their beards, like Falstaff's, showing behind their mufflers. There are also drawings by the precursors of Dürer—Wohlgemuth, his master, and Martin Schongauer, from whose designs (though the artists never met) Dürer learnt perhaps as much as from Wohlgemuth. Then there is Dürer himself, represented by a fine chalk portrait of an Englishman—Lord Morley, another fine one of an unknown German gentleman



1. Mrs. Bancroft as Peg Woffington ("Marks and Faces").

2. A Lovers' Quarrel: Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox and Miss Lena Deane.

3. Nuns in the Cloisters: the "Ave Maria."

4. Queen Katherine with Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey.

MRS. BANCROFT'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS.



in a large hat, and an unfinished pen-and-ink drawing of Apollo and Diana. Drawings by Hans Holbein the elder and Jost Amman, and some exquisite heads in red chalk by Watteau, are other examples of artists entirely unrepresented in the National Gallery; nor must we omit from this category the name of Maso Finiguerra, to whom Professor Colvin assigns a very interesting set of drawings in illustration of the Chronicle of the World. Rich in ornamental detail, precise and elaborate in execution, these drawings breathe the very spirit of Florentine design in the fifteenth century, and especially of that section most inspired by the goldsmiths of whom Finiguerra was one of the most celebrated. They remind one that Finiguerra was once credited with the invention of copper-plate-engraving in Italy, that he was the rival of Antonio Pollainolo, and that his name, as well as that of Botticelli, has been mentioned in connection with the famous copper-plates which adorn the first illustrated edition of Dante. There are many suggestions of Botticelli in these most interesting drawings, the acquisition of which by the British Museum may be regarded as some slight consolation for the loss of the Botticelli designs for Dante, which a few years ago left England for Berlin. These artists, we repeat, are not represented in the National Gallery at all, and some like Amman and Finiguerra probably never can be, but there are other drawings here of still greater value, by painters who are—by Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck, many of which, like that for the cartoon of Pisa, are exceptionally fine, or, like Mantegna's foreshortened Christ (reminding one of the picture in the Brera), add to such knowledge of the master as can be acquired from the pictures. Ghirlandajo's head of a woman is of a more serious and elevated sentiment than our painted portraits from his hand. Signorelli's scene from Dante shows his genius in a newer light, and Rembrandt's Elephant is not only one of the most masterly drawings in the world, but adds to our knowledge of a master of whom, if of any great genius, it may be said that there is little left to be revealed.

We have kept to the last the English school, which is the most fully represented and the most interesting to the public generally. In this section also are works by men who are almost unknown even in their native country. One of these is Samuel Lucas, a man whose training was, no doubt, imperfect, but who had the true artist's feeling, and much of his gift as well. He worked principally near Hitchin, and his landscapes show much fresh and keen observation, together with a power of seizing the character of scenery and of representing natural effects of light and atmosphere. This is illustrated by a snow scene and several extensive views of the country, including one in which a rainy sky at sundown is represented with truth and poetry. A still finer "pictor ignotus" was Edward Calvert, whose "Dreams of the Golden Age" show the vision of a poet worthy to rank with Keats. Though his drawing of the figure betrays the amateur, there are no English designs of their kind so fine as these. One is reminded of the golden glow of Titian and Giorgione by their colour, to which, by some means only known to genius, he has contrived to give a rare, sweet, indefinable "quality" which passes description. He created a new world, in which "it seemeth always afternoon," and in its golden haze the satyr frolics in the sun and the nymph sleeps in the shade; Pan lurks behind the sedge, and the nomad, with his flocks and herds, flits to "fresh woods and pastures new." In this section, also, old friends are seen in new lights; we have landscapes by Sir Benjamin West and Sir Thomas Lawrence, still life by De Wint, an architectural sketch by Wilkie, and a genre drawing by Rossetti—a peculiar work, of much interest. The English artists most largely represented are, perhaps, James Ward and Constable—the former by a number of masterly studies of animals and peasants; the latter, by a brilliant series of water-colour sketches, full of the life and movement of nature, which were bequeathed by the artist's last surviving sister. There are drawings by Hogarth and Reynolds, by Fuseli and Angelica Kauffmann, by Doyle and Caldecott, and by a great many others; but the visitor should not miss the beautiful portrait of Miss Abbott, by Downman—the picture of a perfect young gentlewoman—nor two drawings of the same model, at the same time, by Gravelot the master and Gainsborough the pupil, of which the pupil's seems to us to have caught most of the graceful feeling and light touch of his master's master, Watteau.

### THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

The chief event of the celebration of the centenary of John Wesley's death was the unveiling of a statue of the great religious leader at City Road Chapel, immortally associated with Wesley's life and preaching. Archdeacon Farrar



CENTENARY STATUE OF JOHN WESLEY,  
AT THE CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

attended as a kind of informal deputation from the Established Church, and the other notable personages present were Mr. Henry Fowler, M.P., Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P., both noted Wesleyans; Dr. Moulton, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Stephenson, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Rev. Robert Spiers, representing the Unitarians, and a number of well-known Wesleyan ministers. Archdeacon Farrar gave a sympathetic key-note to the meeting when he said that if the Church of Wesley's days had only made him a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, how different things might have been—a remark which properly describes the relations which at one time might fairly have prevailed between Wesley and the Church, from which he never completely severed his connection. The man to whose name twenty-five millions of people to-day own spiritual allegiance, and who has vitally affected the course of modern Christian thought, has been described by Dean Stanley as the founder of the Broad Church movement. In other respects, his religious standpoint was nearer that of the modern High Churchman. He believed in the mixed cup and in prayers for the dead, though he rejected the apostolic succession. The essence of his doctrine, however, was his denial of the restrictive tendencies of Calvinism, and his affirmation of "free grace" for all. This united itself with views on the inspiration of the Scriptures and the salvation of non-Christians which do not accord with the strict Evangelical position, and, on the whole, it is safe to say that Wesley's theology, like his character, was his own, and that it has been modified, like the religious system which he established, with the progress of events. It was Wesley's personality, however, with its strain of dauntless courage, of unswerving faith, and with a certain flavour of doggedness and obstinacy, touched with

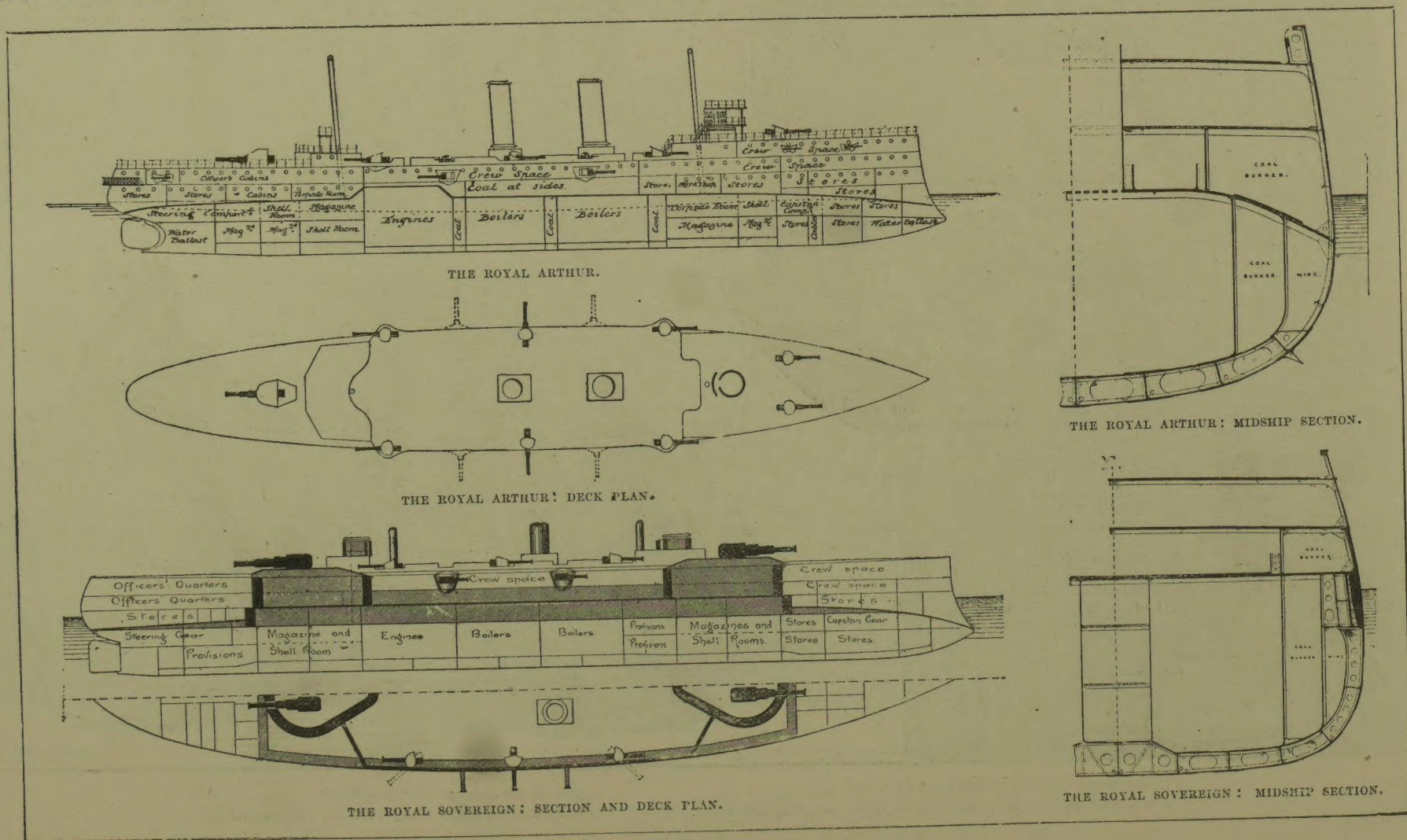
the emotional sweetness which came to full flower in the case of his brother Charles, the author of some of the finest hymns in the English language, that gave the impetus to Wesleyanism. In eloquence he fell below George Whitefield, but in simple power of conviction, in the command of a singularly clear and cogent form of speech, he was without a rival. His sermons were extempore, and, therefore, do not read as well as more finished compositions, but their power may be judged by the effect on those who heard them. Rough men broke down and wept before that simple strain of heartfelt talk and at the sight of the small, neatly dressed man, with the hawk nose, clear eyes, and delicately cut features. Driven from the Church, Wesley found his great strength was open-air preaching, and he became a travelling organiser and orator on a scale which England had never beheld before. His brother Charles supplied the more emotional features of the movement in poetry which, though not invariably suited to the purposes of congregational singing, contains some of the finest and deepest aspirations of the religiously minded soul which have ever been put into words. Wesleyanism has, in its later periods, become somewhat democratised in form, and the control of the laity in Church government is very much more pronounced than in the early days of the movement. But it still bears the stamp of the impulse which the Fellow of Lincoln, perhaps the greatest religious figure since the days of Ignatius Loyola, gave to it. The statue of John Wesley is the work of Mr. Adams-Aiton, sculptor. Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. J. C. Turner and Co., 10, Barnsbury-road, sold for the profit of the Centenary Fund.

The personal friends of Princess Christian have formed a small committee for the purpose of making her Royal Highness a suitable present on the celebration of her silver wedding in July next. The Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Westminster, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Lathom, and the Countess of Arran are members of the committee. Subscriptions are, however, not limited to ladies.

Lord Randolph Churchill has definitely decided to visit Mashonaland in the spring, and will be absent from England for a period of six or eight months. Prior to his departure he will be entertained at a farewell dinner, on April 18, by Mr. Joseph Guedalla, at the Amphitryon Club, at which, besides some private friends, the chief representatives of both political parties in Paddington will be present.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald lectured at the Royal Institution, on Feb. 27, on "The Art of Acting." As to the question whether an actor should really feel what he was doing, or should simply look upon himself as a means of conveying impressions, the lecturer urged the latter view, and quoted Dr. Johnson to the effect that, if the villain of a piece enjoyed his part, and did a murder on the stage, he ought to be hanged the next morning.

At the Monday Popular Concert of March 2 an important novelty was introduced, in the shape of Brahms's string quintet in G major, Op. 111, which was only played for the first time in public at Vienna towards the close of last year. The highly favourable opinions there evoked were now warmly indorsed by a representative assemblage of English amateurs, in contradistinction to the decidedly lukewarm verdict of the Berlin critics, for whose attitude we fail to see adequate reason. The quintet is a masterly example of Brahms's latest style, full of strength and inventive freshness, clear in construction, interesting in treatment and development, and wholly free from complexity or over-elaboration. There are four movements, and these, as usual, are strongly contrasted; the opening Allegro and the Finale being spirited and vigorous in the extreme, while the intervening Adagio and Scherzo are replete, one with melancholy and profound sentiment, the other with grace of the simplest and most winning kind. The new work was superbly performed by Dr. Joachim, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti; and, thanks to the guiding influence of the great violinist—who had previously played the quintet in Berlin—the interpretation as a whole may be said to have completely realised the ideas and intentions of the composer. Each movement was loudly applauded—the Allegretto or Scherzo more especially. At the same concert Mlle. Ilma Eibenschütz was the pianist, and Mr. Orlando Harley sang.

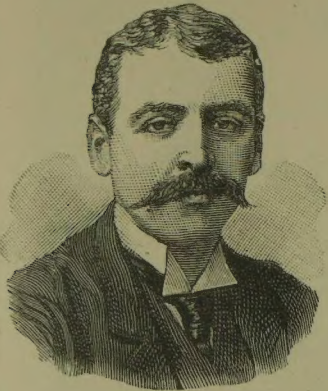


SECTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AND ROYAL ARTHUR.



## PERSONAL.

Mr. Eugène Espérance Oudin, whose impersonation of the



MR. E. OUDIN.

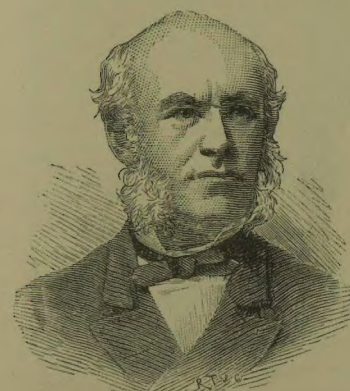
Templar in "Ivanhoe" has excited universal admiration, enhanced the high opinion thus formed of his powers by his singing on the occasion of his first public appearance in a London concert-room the other day. Mr. Oudin, who was born in New York in 1858, is the son of French parents, and received his musical training exclusively in his native city. A graduate of Columbia University, he was admitted to the Bar in 1879, and practised until 1885, occupying his leisure time throughout with the study of music. He became a pupil for singing of Signor Moderati, and for six years was baritone soloist at St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church. In 1886 he made his operatic debut as Valentine, in "Faust," with the provincial troupe of the American Opera Company, following this up with another success as Escamillo in "Carmen." In the same year Mr. Oudin visited London, but without singing in public. Returning to America, he sang with the McCaull and other light opera companies until the summer of last year, when he was engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte for the part of the Templar, which Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote expressly for him. Mr. Oudin is married to an American lady who possesses a charming soprano voice, and who will probably enter upon the career of a professional vocalist in course of the coming season.

Since the death of Alexandre Dumas père, of legendary memory, Fortuné du Boisgobey has been par excellence the novelist of the French populace, and he will be missed by his editors even more than by his readers, for his name at the end of a *Petit Moniteur* or *Petit Journal* feuilleton was an infallible "draw." On the feuilleton depends nearly always the making or undoing of a French halfpenny paper, and the successful existence of the feuilleton has been mainly due to five men—Dumas père, Eckmann-Chatrian, Gaboriau, and Du Boisgobey—who all cultivated to a supreme degree the art of constantly interesting and exciting the curiosity of their public from day to day. Dalloz, then editing the *Petit Moniteur*, "discovered" Boisgobey, and his first successful novel, "Le Colonel Forcat," was published in that paper. Fifteen instalments of the thrilling convict romance had appeared when the bodies of Troppman's victims began to be literally unearthed, one by one, in the plains of Pantin, a suburb of Paris. The excitement waxed so great that all the papers published special Troppman supplements, and, among others, the *Petit Moniteur* announced that, owing to the pressure on space, the feuilleton would be discontinued for three days. Letters of protestation arrived by the hundred, and the result was that "Le Colonel Forcat" reappeared, after one day's absence in favour of Troppman, in his old place. Imagine the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* declaring that they would infinitely prefer a daily slice of Mr. Walter Besant to an exceptional dose of Whitechapel murderer!

Du Boisgobey had perfected the system of syndicating literary work. At one time six hundred papers, magazines, and reviews were publishing various of his novels. The *Figaro*, for "Le Crime de l'Opéra," which was acknowledged as his best and most carefully elaborated work, paid him three francs the short line, in consideration of having all rights reserved till their feuilleton was completed. Each story was worth to him, during the first year of its appearance, about two thousand pounds, and from every one of his works he drew a regular income, which the Société des Gens de Lettres collected and paid over to him twice a year. Of late Du Boisgobey's mantle seems to have fallen on Emile Richebourg, whose feuilletons in the *Petit Journal*, though infinitely inferior to those of his predecessor in the art of telling a story *en petits morceaux*, still delight some two million readers a day through the length and breadth of France.

The death of Mr. Charles Lee Lewes, the eldest and only surviving son of George Henry Lewes, closes rather prematurely a life of considerable usefulness. Mr. Lewes was a member of the London County Council, though the greater part of his life was spent as a civil servant in the Post Office, and he did good work in saving Parliament Hill, and indirectly Hampstead Heath, from the jerry builder. Personally he was a quiet, amiable, cultured gentleman, with regular features, that in no way recalled the striking personality of his father. Mr. Lewes, by the way, was named after his grandfather, the actor. He was a great favourite with George Eliot, in whom, though his own mother was living, he found a second parent. He contributed occasionally to the magazines, and made some translations from the German. He did quiet but good work on the London County Council. He had for some years a charming house at Hampstead, which held his father's library, and the manuscripts, bound in leather, of all George Eliot's novels. These he has left to the British Museum.

The death of Sir Thomas Gabriel removes a rather famous



SIR THOMAS GABRIEL.

City figure. He was the Lord Mayor who entertained the Sultan Abdul Aziz with considerable splendour, and he had a separate reputation as a very able magistrate. He presided at the Court before which the directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co. were charged with conspiracy, and conducted the proceedings with great acuteness and force, pressing the points much more strongly than Chief Justice Bovill in the Superior Court which acquitted the defendants.

The Rev. Charles Gore has delivered his first Bampton lecture, and we may look for a new development in the rather composite theology of which Mr. Gore is to-day the chief exponent. Mr. Gore's earlier developments in old Balliol days were on pure High Church lines, and the great charm of his character and personality, with its gentle force and slightly ascetic tinge, made him the centre of a good deal of hero-

worship among his contemporaries, which included some of the most brilliant members of young Oxford. Mr. Gore worked and thought on other lines than those which gave and give the tone to Balliol life, but of late years many will think that he has made some significant approaches to them.

An extremely brilliant assembly filled the St. James's Theatre the other night at the début of "The Idler." Lord Londesborough, with his two daughters, occupied the royal box, and Lady Dorothy Nevill, Miss Hare, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis were among the spectators. The evening was also conspicuous as a comprehensive Australian reunion, for all the principal Australian journalists and men of affairs in London were present in full force to witness their compatriot's success. Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, who is singularly boyish-looking for his years, was born in Australia, and during his early life was engaged in commercial pursuits, subsequently forsaking these to go "up the country" as a stock-rider. Some little time after his marriage he came to England, and wrote "Captain Swift," and then "The Idler," which latter was originally entitled "The Bouquet," and expressly designed for Mrs. Langtry. It is said, however, that Mrs. Langtry was unwilling to produce the piece, as she did not consider the part of the heroine sufficiently important.

From time immemorial gardening would appear to have been a favourite hobby with clever people. Miss Jean Ingelow is an ardent votary of this gentlest of arts, for she spends all her available spare moments in "pottering" about among her plants in her pleasant little demesne near Holland Park. Everyone reads Miss Ingelow's poetry, while hardly anyone knows that in her first youth she had no thoughts of literature, having rather expected to achieve distinction as a singer. But her fine voice failed her when she was scarcely six-and-twenty, and all hopes of a successful career seemed over. Her awakening to a fresh scheme of life arrived in a strange and somewhat unromantic fashion. Her very first poetical impulse was inspired by an impression of sunlight blinking through a prosaic green blind! To the regret of her admirers, Miss Ingelow seems of late to have forsown verse-writing: she is now busied with a volume of short stories, which will soon be in the printer's hands. Miss Ingelow is a small, rather fragile-looking woman, with beautiful dark eyes, silvery grey hair, and a graceful but slightly nervous manner.

The death of Mr. Kynoch, the member for Aston, closes a curious Parliamentary association. Mr. Kynoch, who was once a very large manufacturer of ammunition, left this country soon after the general election, and betook himself to South Africa, where he pursued a rather chequered commercial career. To all appeals of his constituents and to the threat of Parliamentary action he turned a deaf ear, and continued equably to represent Aston from Kimberley, Johannesburg, and elsewhere. He speculated largely and unfortunately in South Africa, and died at last in rather straitened circumstances.

The presentation to Mr. Walter Gilbey, at the Agricultural Hall, is a very proper recognition of the wonderful work which Mr. Gilbey has, almost unaided, accomplished in improving the breed of the English cart-horse, especially of the famous variety known as the "Shire" horse. Mr. Gilbey's name is as familiar as household words wherever agricultural shows abound, and he is also a very polished gentleman of the old school, so far as manners and appearance go. Tall, thin, with a slight grey moustache, and a dress that in its neatness and primness suggests the costume of a country squire of about fifty years ago, Mr. Gilbey's personality could not be readily forgotten by those who are acquainted with it. His talk is as simple and pleasant as his manners. Mr. Gilbey, who is the head of the great firm which bears his name, has a charming place at Elsenham, in Essex, where his stables and stud-farm are sights to see. Though his "subject" is horses, he is a keen politician, and is one of the leaders of the Liberal Party in his county.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Long before the curtain drew up at the St. James's Theatre there



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

was a special desire in many quarters to see "The Idler." In the first place, was it not the work of young Mr. Haddon Chambers, the boyish author who had made such a wonderful start for fame with "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket—the play that is always thrust down our throats when we maintain that, as a rule, the "trial matinee" is a nuisance, that very often does far more harm than good, giving us scamped work and indifferent acting? In the next place, was it not "The Idler" that was accepted and then refused by Mrs. Langtry, because the author did not see his way to making a one-part play out of an equally balanced composition, and had the courage not to spoil what he conscientiously believed was good work? Was it not "The Idler" that occupied the amateur court of Judge Bancroft, who was very properly called on to decide amicably a friendly misunderstanding between author and actress? But most important of all, was it not "The Idler" that was appointed to test the luck of our youngest manager, Mr. George Alexander, and to prove if it were really true that there was no spell to break the supposed ill-luck that hovered over the comfortable playhouse in King Street, St. James's?

The result is an all-round success for Mr. George Alexander. He has triumphed as an actor and a manager. It has been established that there was only one thing that "The Idler" wanted, and that is a thing it is never likely to get—a new and revised last act. It has been shown for the thousandth time that no theatre in this world is ever unlucky that produces good plays; and, lastly, the good sense of the young manager, in giving to the play he believed in the best possible cast that could be found, has resulted in a production that rivals in excellence any that can be quoted in London at the present time. I myself think that the new play is a success of acting. Up to a certain point the subject is vivid and interesting. For my own part, I look upon it as a little unfair that the story is compared to a melodrama of the mining districts, and that those who have not seen the play should be told that they will only behold Bret Harte's heroes and villains in fashionable clothes instead of red shirts. I do not myself find it so. True, three of the principal characters have been in California, but it is their after-career which is the consequence of their former life that absorbs the

attention. I am convinced that the great reason why the drama commands interest is that the majority of the characters are choked to the lips with humanity. They are not necessarily conventional, or stagey, or theatrical, or tawdry, or commonplace, because they stir our better feelings, because they excite our sympathy, or because they are endowed with that old-fashioned thing called faith.

I do not myself believe that the highest or the keenest pleasure ever will be found in the study of the abnormally painful, the horrible, or the dull. Idealism still holds the stage, and must hold it so long as human nature remains what it is. People do not mind seeing things as they are, but they prefer to see things as they might be. The man who conquers his wild devouring passion at the soft and convincing persuasion of a pure woman; the rough American, untutored in the softness of life's ways, who beats out the vengeance from his heart, and resolves to save his enemy's life because his own life has been saved by a friend; the adoring husband who stopped at the very gateway of love's paradise, finds that the evil that men do lives after them, and that there is no escaping from the sins of our youth, though expiated by a lifetime of sorrow; the faithful and loyal wife who jeopardises her own honour to save the husband whose peace of mind is dearer to her than life—are these men and women, these types, these examples of the tragedy of life to be called conventional, and to be stoned as effete and commonplace, in order to make way for gaudy adventuresses and diseased egotists, for the preaching of the doctrine of despair, and the eternal remedy of suicide? If these people of faith and endeavour are unnatural, how much more unnatural—nay, and horrible—are the wretched, forlorn, unmanly and unwomanly creatures who go moaning about the stage with a wailing cry about destiny, or heredity, or the curse of existence, who fling down their arms like cowards before the battle is ended, and who literally "cry in their hearts there is no God!"

I can only say what interests me, and I can only wish that what interests me gave the same pleasure to others. We cannot be dogmatic as to what is or is not pleasure, but we all of us have a right to deplore the morbid study of disease, decay, and despair. It is not manly, it is ignoble—nay, it is cowardly. I do not envy the man, and far less the woman, who can go to the St. James's Theatre and, having studied, with the aid of Mr. Alexander's beautiful art, the character of Mark Cross, can turn away from it with a sneer as a mere theatrical type, and too conventional to be recognised by the superfluous. You must believe it is a life, not a play; a man, not an actor. Watch his face in the mimic scene, and see how the better and the baser natures are warring together. See how ugly he becomes when he is vicious, and evil passions are mastering him: watch how peaceful, how serene, and how beautiful his countenance, when the devil in him has been mastered. I can conceive no finer study in man. I do not envy the soured man, or the unnatural woman either, who can watch this firm and iron-willed American in the play, who, softened to humanity and mercy, and convinced of his error, owns that he is wrong, and still can say this is a stage type, not a flesh-and-blood man. Such as can ridicule such an American as acted by Mr. Mason would be capable of depriving thousands of "unemancipated" men and women of a legitimate and wholesome form of amusement. I do not envy that form of intellectuality that can despise the picture of such a woman as is portrayed by Miss Marion Terry—woman in heart, woman in mind, woman to the very finger-tips—and turn her off the stage to make way for a score of Hedda Gablers, or Rebecca Wests, or Nelly Marshalls! Go and test the question in King Street, see them all from the rise of the curtain to its fall on the despairing cry of the "Idler" as to his future—"God knows!" Watch them all, men and women alike, the tragedy as well as the comedy, the passionate Idler, the stern American, the troubled husband, so vividly realised by Mr. Herbert Waring; the delightful, fidgety, spoiled tease of Miss Maude Millett; the tender, lovable, natural mother of Lady Monckton—and then say which is of the two a more healthy and exhilarating amusement, a play like this with all its faults, or a play, with technical faults just as bad, that crowns passion with satisfaction, and has only one answer to the eternal problem of life, the coward's problem of suicide: "We have no Judge: let us do justice on ourselves!" Which is the better—that, or the more piercing but less dogmatic, the more Christian and humble, "God knows!"

Mrs. Langtry has been cordially congratulated on giving the public a new play without a moral. But that is not quite a fair way of putting it. A play that has no moral definitely declared has very often a very bad moral in it by implication. An author who deliberately shirks what is known as "poetic justice" is very often tempted to deal poetic "injustice" to society and morals, and in this dilemma stands Mr. Coghlan. He paints for us, and with considerable truth, an adventuress called "Lady Barter." He shows her to us in all her luxury and depravity. He exhibits her defiant, impudent, and bold. He represents her as reckless as she is heartless, flirting by turns with archdeacons and general officers, the light-of-love of Church and State, a woman radically vicious, and ignorant of the first meaning of the word "love." To combat this vicious woman he introduces a brave man. He is determined to crush, and she is equally determined to sting. There is a battle for the mastery, and in the end the brave good man retires beaten from the field, and the curtain falls on the hollow, triumphant, mocking laugh of the victorious adventuress. No one doubts that such things occur; no one would be fool enough to say that there are no such women in our midst; no one would venture to assert that such vice does not often prevail over virtue. But then, as a rule, it does not. Truth always prevails, but not necessarily vice, and, unquestionably, the inference that if your Nelly Marshalls play their cards well enough they may ruin men, bring youth to perdition, break hearts, waste money, and dance off with £200,000, a sensual archdeacon, and a doddering general, this is surely, on the whole, a dangerous doctrine. Notwithstanding the admirable and realistic acting of Mrs. Langtry of a disagreeable woman, in a clever but unquestionably disagreeable play, the public turned their backs on the first night with something like contempt on "Lady Barter." This is the first time that a play of the new school has been submitted to an unpacked jury. They decided against untempered reality. So I throw up my hat in favour of tempered idealism, and, so far as I can see, "there is life in the old dog yet."

I very much doubt if the public will trouble the Avenue with any conspicuous attendance until Mr. Bronson Howard's "Henrietta" is produced. Miss Floy Vita no doubt means well, but she has few qualifications for a burlesque actress, and a very faint sense of humour. The managers who talk about the elevation of theatrical art and the degradation of the music-hall might look in to the Avenue while "Mlle. Cleopatra" is being played. There are not many music-halls—self-respecting music-halls I mean—that would stand such an entertainment as that. But, as a counterblast, everyone should see Charles Wyndham in the present Criterion programme. His comedy in "Sowing and Reaping" and his farce in "Trying It On" are first class.





1. Mr. Egerton Castle reading his Paper.  
2. Two-hand swords—Mr. E. Castle and Captain A. Hutton.  
3. Italian sword and dagger v. English sword and buckler—Mr. Walter Pollock and Captain Hutton.  
4. One of the parries.

5. Sword and cloak—Mr. E. Castle and Sir Fred. Pollock.  
6. A practice on the mysterious circle—Mr. E. Castle and Captain Hutton.  
7. Eighteenth-century small-sword play—Mr. E. Castle and Professor de Bally.

a. Two-handed sword.  
b. Italian rapier, sixteenth century.  
c. Spanish rapier, seventeenth century.  
d. German sword, middle sixteenth century.  
e. Italian rapier, third quarter sixteenth century.

f. Silver-hilted colichemarde, time William III.  
g. Small sword, time Louis XV.  
h. Shell dagger, sixteenth century.  
i. Claymore, middle seventeenth century.  
j. Hand buckler.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"Why, yes!" he cried; "now I'm sure of it. Wasn't you once a boy, Mum?"

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE EARLY MORN.

I told my story, and the three fellows listened attentively. Their eyes glowed in the lamplight as they stared at me. The weak wind raised a pleasant buzzing noise at the cutwater, and the lugger stole in floating launches through the gloom over the long invisible heave of the Atlantic swell.

"Ah!" said the helmsman, when I had made an end, "we heerd of that there Tintrenale life-boat job when we was at Penzance. An' so you was her coxswain?"

"Were the people of the boat drowned?" cried I eagerly. "Can you give me any news of them?"

"No, Sir," he answered; "there was no particulars to hand when we sailed. All that we larnt was that a life-boat had been stove alongside a vessel in Tintrenale Bay; and little wonder, tew, says I to my mates when I heerd it. Never remember the like of such a night as that there."

"What was the name of the Dane again?" said one of the fellows seated opposite me, as he lighted a short clay pipe by the flame of a match that he dexterously shielded from the wind in his hand as though his fist was a lantern.

"The Animo," I answered.

"A bit of a black barque, warn't she?" he continued. "Capt'n with small eyes and a beard like a goat! Why, yes! it'll be that there barque, Tommy, that slipped two year ago. Pigsears Hall and Stickenup Adams and me had a nice little job along with her."

"You are quite right," said Helga, in a low voice; "I was on board the vessel at the time. The captain was my father."

"Oh, indeed, Mum!" said the fellow who steered. "An' he's gone dead! Poor old gentleman!"

"What is this boat?" said I, desiring to cut this sort of sympathy short.

"The Airly Murn," answered the helmsman.

"The Early Morn! And from what part of the coast, pray?"

"Why, ye might see, I think, Sir, that she hails from Deal," he answered. "There's nothen resembling the likes of her coming from elsewhere that I knows of."

"And what are you doing down in this part of the ocean?"

"Why," said he, after spitting over the stern and passing his hand along his mouth, "we're agoing to Australey."

"Going where?" I cried, believing I had not correctly heard him, while Helga started from her drooping posture and turned to look at me.

"To Sydney, New South Wales, which is in Australey," he exclaimed.

"In this small open boat?"

"This small open boat!" echoed one of the others. "The Airly Murn's eighteen ton, and if she be'n't big enough and good enough to carry three men to Australey there's nothen afloat as is going to show her how to do it!"

By the light shed by the dimly burning lantern, where it stood in the bottom of the boat, I endeavoured to gather from their faces whether they spoke seriously, or whether, indeed, they were under the influence of earlier drams of liquor than the dose they had swallowed from our jar.

"Are you in earnest, men?" said I.

"Ainest!" cried the man at the tiller in a voice of astonishment, as though he wondered at my wonder. "Why, to be sure we are! What's wrong with us that we shouldn't be a-going to Australey?"

I glanced at the short length of dark fabric, and up at the black square of lugsail.

"What is taking you to Australia in a Deal lugger?" said I.

The man styled Abraham by his mates answered: "We're a-carrying this here craft out on a job for the gent that's bought her. There was three of us an' a boy, but the boy took sick at Penzance, and we came away without him."

He paused. The man sitting next him continued in a deep voice:—

"A gent as lives in Lannon took this here Airly Murn over for a debt. Well, when he got her he didn't know what to do with her. There was no good a-leaving her to pine away on the beach, so he turns to and puts her up to auction. Well, there was ne'er a bid."

"Ne'er a bid!" echoed the man who was steering.

"Ne'er a bid, I says," continued the other, "and who? First of all, there ain't no money in Deal; and next, the days of these luggers is numbered. Well, this here gent was called upon by an Australian friend who, gitting to hear of the Airly Murn, says he's a-willing to buy her for a sum. What that sum might be I'm not here for to know."

"Fifty pound, I allow," said the man named Tommy. "Some says she was guv away. I've heerd speak of thirty pound. But fifty's what I call it."

"Call it fifty," exclaimed the fellow who steered.

"Well," continued the first speaker, whose voice was peculiarly harsh, "this here gent having purchased the Airly Murn, comes down to Deal, and gives out that he wants some men to carry her to Sydney. The matter was turned over. How much would he give? Well, he'd give two hundred-an-fifty pound, and them as undertook the job might make what shares they chose of the money. I was for making six shares. Abraham there says no, fower's enough. Tommy says three an' a boy. That's seventy-five pound a man and twenty-five pound for the boy; but the boy being took sick, his share becomes ourn."

"And you think seventy-five pounds apiece pay enough for as risky an undertaking as was ever heard of?" cried I.

"Wish it were already ained," said Abraham. "Pay enough? Oy, and good monney, tew, in such times as these."

"How far are we from the English coast?" asked Helga.

The man called Jacob, after a little silence, answered: "Why, I dare say the Land's End 'll be about a hundred an' eighty mile off."

"It would not take long to return," she exclaimed. "Will you not land us?"

"What! on the English coast, Mum?" he cried.

I saw him peering earnestly at us as though he would gather our condition by our attire.

"It's a long way back," continued he; "and supposing the wind," he added, looking up at the sky, "should head us?"

"If the gent would make it worth us men's while"—broke in Tommy.

"No! no!" exclaimed Abraham, "we don't want to make nothen out of a fellow-creature's distress. We've saved ye, and that's a good job. Next thing we've got to do is to put ye aboard the first homeward bound vessel we falls in with. I'm for keeping all on. Ships is plentiful hereabout, and ye'll not be kept awaiting. But to up hellum for the English coast again!" I saw his head wag vehemently against the stars. "It's a long way to Australey, Master, and ne'er a man of us touches a penny piece till we gits there."

I sat considering a little. My immediate impulse was to offer the fellows a reward to land us. Then I thought, no! They may ask too much, and, indeed, whatever they might expect must prove too much for me, to whom five pounds was a considerable sum, though, as I have told you, my mother's slender income was enough for us both. Besides, the money these men might ask would be far more fitly devoted to Helga, who had lost all save what she stood in, who was without a friend in England except myself and mother, who had been left by her father without a farthing saving some pitiful sum of insurance money, which she would not get for many a long day, and who, brave heart! would, therefore, need my mother's purse to refurbish her wardrobe and embark her for her Danish home, if, indeed, there would now be a home for her at Kolding.

These considerations passed with the velocity of thought through my mind. On the other hand, we were no longer aboard a stationary raft, but in a nimble little lugger that every hour was carrying us into a new prospect of ocean; and we might be sure, therefore, of speedily falling in with a homeward-bound steamer that would convey us to England in a tenth of the time the lugger would occupy, very much more comfortably too, and at the cost of a few shillings, so to speak. Then, again, I felt too grateful for our preservation, too glad



and rejoiced over our deliverance from the dreadful future that had just now lain before us to remonstrate with the men, to oppose their wishes to pursue their course, to utter a word, in short, that might make them suppose I did not consider our mere escape from the raft good fortune enough.

"Surely it would not take them very long," Helga whispered in my ear, "to sail this boat back to Penzance?"

I repeated, in a voice inaudible to the others, the reflections which had occurred to me.

"Why, see there now!" bawled one of the boatmen, pointing with a shadowy hand into the dusk over the lee quarter. "There's plenty of the likes of her to fall in with; only she's a-going the wrong way."

I peered, and spied the green side and white masthead lanterns of a steamer propelling along the water at about a quarter of a mile distant. I could faintly distinguish the loom of her black length, like a smear of ink upon the obscurity, and the line of her smoke against the stars, with now and again a little leap of furnace-light at the funnel-mouth that, while it hung there, might have passed for the blood-red visage of the moon staring out of a stormy sky.

"See, Helga!" I cried; "there are many like her, as this man says. In a few hours, please God, we may be safe aboard such another!" And I sank my voice to add, "We cannot do better than wait. Our friends here will be glad to get rid of us. No fear of their detaining us a moment longer than can be helped."

"Yes, you are right," she answered; "but I wish to quickly return for your sake—for your mother's sake, Hugh."

Her soft utterance of my name fell pleasantly upon my ear. I felt for her hand, and pressed it, and whispered, "A little patience, and we shall find ourselves at home again. All is well with us now."

The lights to leeward silently glided ahead, and turned black upon the bow. One of the boatmen yawned with the roar of an animal.

"Nothen to keep me out of my bunk now, I allow," said he. "No more rafts to run into, I hope."

"I should like to get this lady under shelter," said I. "That's easily done!" exclaimed Abraham. "There's a nice little fore-peak, and a bunk in it at her service."

Helga hastily exclaimed that she had had rest enough. I perceived that the delicacy of our Deal friends did not go to the length of observing that while Helga occupied the fore-peak it must be hers, and hers only; but the discussion of that point was out of the question now; so she stayed where she was, the boatman that had yawned went forward, and in a few minutes his snoring came along in a sound like the grating of a boat's keel over the shingle of his native town.

These darkest hours of the night slowly passed. The breeze blew, the keen stem of the lugger ripped through the quiet heave of the ocean, and I waited for the dawn, never doubting that Helga and I would be out of the boat and aboard some homeward-bound ere we should have counted another half-score hours. The homely chat of the two men, their queer 'longshore phrases, the rough sympathy they sought to convey by their speech, were delightful to listen to. Such had been my experiences that, though five days comprised them, it seemed as if I had been six months from home. The talk mainly concerned this daring, extraordinary voyage to Australia in what was truly no more than an open boat. The excitement of delight over our rescue was in a measure spent. I could think calmly, and attend with interest to other considerations than our preservation, our sufferings, and, in short, ourselves. And what could interest me more than this singular undertaking on the part of three boatmen?

I inquired what food they carried.

"Whoy," says Abraham, "we've got beef an' pork and ship's bread and other wittles arter that sort."

"Shall you touch at any ports?"

"Oy, if the need arises, master."

"Need arises! You are bound to run short of food and water!"

"There's a-plenty of ships to fall in with at sea, master, to help us along."

"How long do you reckon on taking to make the run?"

"Fower or foive month," answered Abraham.

"Oy, an' perhaps six," said Jacob.

"Who is skipper?" said I.

"There aren't no degrees here," answered Abraham; "leastways, now that the boy's gone sick and's left beind."

"But which of you is navigator, then?"

"Oy am," said Abraham—"that's to say, I've got a quadrant along with me, and know how to tell at noon what o'clock it is. That's what's tarm'd hascertaining the latitude. As to what's called longitude, she's best left to the log-line."

"So she is," said Jacob.

"And you have no doubt of accurately striking the port of Sydney without troubling yourselves about your longitude?"

"Ne'er a doubt," said Abraham.

"Or if so be as a doubt should come up, then heave the log, says I," broke in Jacob.

Their manner of speaking warned me to conceal my amazement that under other conditions could not have been without merriment. They told me they had left Penzance on the morning of Monday, while it was still blowing heavily. "But we saw that the breeze," Abraham said, "was a-going to fail, and so there was no call to stop for the wedder"; yet they had har'ly run the land out of sight when they sprang their mast in the jump of a very hollow sea. "There was no use trying to ratch back agin that sea and breeze," said Abraham; "so we stepped our spare mast and laid the wounded chap in his place; but if the wedder be as bad off the Cape as I've heerd talk off, I allow we'll be needing a rig-out o' spars if we're to reach Australey; and what'll have to be done'll be to fall in with some vessel as'll oblige us."

Considering they were seafaring men, this prodigious confidence in luck and chance was not less wonderful than the venture they were upon. But it was for me to question and listen, not to criticise.

"They will never reach Australia," Helga whispered.

"They are English seamen," said I softly.

"No, Hugh: boatmen," says she, giving me my name as easily as though we had been brother and sister. "And what will they do without longitude?"

"Gropo their way," I whispered, "after the manner of the early mariners who achieved everything in the shape of seamanship and discovery in 'barkes,' as they called them, compared to which this lugger is as a thousand-ton ship to a Gravesend wherry."

The two boatmen were holding a small hoarse argument touching the superiority of certain galley-punts belonging to Deal when the dawn broke along the port-beam of the lugger. The sea turned an ashen green, and throbbed darkening to the grey wall of eastern sky, against which it washed in a line of inky blackness. I sprang on to a thwart to look ahead on either bow, and Helga stood up beside me; and as upon the barque, and as upon the raft, so now we stood together sweeping the iron-grey sky and the dark line of horizon for any flaw that might denote a vessel. But the sea stretched bald to its recesses the compass round.

The heavens in the east brightened and the sea-line changed into a steely whiteness, but this delicate distant horizontal gleam of water before sunrise gave us sight of nothing.

"Anything to be seen, Sir?" cried Abraham.

"Nothing," I answered, dismounting from the thwart.

"Well, there's all day afore ye," said Jacob, who had taken the helm.

Now that daylight was come my first look was at Helga, to see how she had borne the bitter time that was passed. Her eyelids were heavy, her cheeks of a deathlike whiteness, her lips pale, and in the tender hollow, under each eye lay a greenish hue, resembling the shadow a spring leaf might fling. It was clear that she had been secretly weeping from time to time during the dark hours. She smiled when our eyes met, and her face was instantly sweetened by the expression into the gentle prettiness I had first found in her.

I next took a survey of my new companions. The man styled Abraham was a sailorly looking fellow, corresponding but indifferently with one's imagination of the conventional 'longshoreman'. He had sharp features, a keen, iron-grey, seawardly eye, and a bunch of reddish beard stood forth from his chin. He was dressed in pilot cloth, wore earrings, and his head was encased in a sugar-loafed felt hat built after the fashion of a theatrical bandit's.

Jacob, on the other hand, was the most faithful copy of a Deal boatman that could have been met afloat. His face was flat and broad, with a skin stained in places of a brick red. He had little, merry, but rather dim blue eyes, and suggested a man who would be able, without great effort of memory, to tell you how many public-houses there were in Deal, taking them all round. He had the whitest teeth I had ever seen in a sailor, and the glance of them through his lips seemed to fix an air of smiling upon his face. His attire consisted of a fur cap, forced so low down upon the head that it obliged his ears to stand out; a yellow oilskin jumper and a pair of stout fearnought trousers, the ends of which were packed into half-wellington boots.

The third man, named Thomas or Tommy, still continued out of sight in the fore-peak. One will often see at a glance as much as might occupy some pages to even briefly describe. In a few turns of the eye I had taken in these two men and their little ship. The boat seemed to me a very fine specimen of the Deal lugger. Her fore-peak consisted of a fore-castle, the deck of which was carried in the shape of a platform several feet abaft the bulkhead, which limited the sleeping compartment, and under this pent-house or break were stored the anchors, cables, and other gear belonging to the little vessel. In the middle of the boat, made fast by chains, was a stove, with a box under the "raft," as the fore-castle-deck is called, in which were kept the cooking utensils. I noticed fresh water-casks stowed in the boat's bilge, and a harness-cask for the meat near the fore-peak. Right amidships lay a little fat punt, measuring about fourteen feet long, and along the sides of the thwarts were three sweeps or long oars, the fore-mast that had been "sprung," and a spare bowsprit. This equipment I took in with the swift eye of a man who was at heart a boatman.

A noble boat indeed for Channel cruising, for the short ragged seas of our narrow waters. But for the voyage to Australia! I could only stare and wonder.

The big lugsail was doing its work handsomely; the breeze was out on the starboard quarter, a pleasant wind, but with a hardness in the face of the sky to windward, a rigidity of small compacted high-hanging cloud with breaks of blue between, showing of a wintry keenness when the sun soared, that promised a freshening of the wind before noon. Under the steady drag of her lug the light, bright-sided boat was buzzing through it merrily, with a spitting of foam off either bow, and a streak on either side of wool-white water creaming into her wake that streamed rising and falling far astern.

Had her head been pointing the other way with a promise of the dusky grey of the Cornish coast to loom presently upon the sea-line, I should have found something delightful in the free, floating airy motion of the lugger sweeping over the quiet hills of swell, her weather-side caressed by her heads of the little seas crisply running along with her in a sportive racing way. But the desolation of the ocean lay as an oppression upon my spirits. I counted upon the day-break revealing several sail, and here and there the blue streak of a steamer's smoke, but there was nothing of the sort to be seen, while every hour of such nimble progress as the lugger was now making must, to a degree, diminish our chances of falling in with homeward-bound craft; that is to say, we were sure, sooner or later, to meet with a ship going to England, but the farther south we went the longer would be the intervals between the showing of ships by reason of the navigation scattering as it opened out into the North Atlantic; and so, though I never doubted that we should be taken off the lugger and carried home, yet as I looked around this vacant sea I was depressed by the fear that some time might pass before this would happen, and my thoughts went to my mother—how she might be supposing me dead, and mourning over me as lost to her for ever, and how, if I could quickly return to her, I should be able to end her heartache and perhaps preserve her life; for I was her only child, and that she would fret over me even to the breaking of her heart, I feared, despite her having sanctioned my going out to save life.

Yet when I looked at Helga and reflected upon what her sufferings had been and what her loss was, and noted the spirit that still shone nobly in her steadfast gaze and was expressed in the lines of her lips, I felt that I was acting my part as a man but poorly in suffering my spirits to droop. This time yesterday we were upon a raft from which the first rise of sea must have swept us. It was the hard stare of the north-westerly sky that caused me to think of this time yesterday; and with something of a shiver and a long deep breath of gratitude for the safety that had come to us with this little fabric buoyant under our feet, I broke away from my mood of dulness with a half-smile at the two homely boatmen who sat staring at Helga and at me.

"The lady looks but poorly," said Abraham, with his eyes fixed upon Helga, though he addressed me. "Some people has their allowance of grief sarved out all at once. I earnestly hope, lady, that life's a-going to luff up with you now, and lead ye on a course that won't take long to bring ye to the port of joyfulness."

He nodded at her emphatically with as much sympathy in his countenance as his weather-tanned flesh would suffer him to exhibit.

"We have had a hard time," she answered gently.

"Much too hard for any girl to go through," said I. "Men, you must know this lady to be a complete sailor. She can take the wheel; she can sound the well; she has a nerve of steel at a moment that would send a good many who consider themselves stout-hearted to their prayers. It is not the usage of the sea, Abraham, that makes her look poorly, as you say."

I noticed Jacob leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, staring at her. Suddenly he smacked his leg with the sound of a pistol-shot.

"Why, yes!" he cried; "now I'm sure of it. Wasn't you once a boy, Mum?"

"What!" cried Abraham, turning indignantly upon him. A faint blush entered Helga's face.

"What I mean is," continued Jacob, "when I last see ye, you was dressed up as a boy!"

"Yes," said I—"yes. And what then?"

"Whoy, then," he cried, fetching his leg another violent slap; "Pigsears Hall owes me a gallon o' beer. When we was aboard the Dane," he continued, addressing Abraham and talking with 'longshore vehemence, "I cotched sight of a boy that I says to myself thinks I is as sartin surely a female as that the Gull lightship's painted red. I told Pigsears Hall to look. 'Gal in your eye!' says he. 'Bet ye a gallon of ale, Jacob, she's as much a boy as Barney Parson's Willie!' But we was too busy to argue, and we left the ship without thinking more about it. Now I'm reminded, and I'm right, and I calls ye to witness, Abraham, so that Pigsears mayn't haul off from his wagger."

"To change the subject," I said abruptly, "you men seem to have some queer names among you. Pigsears Hall! Could any parson be got to christen a man so?"

"Tain't his right name," said Abraham. "It's along of his ears that he's got that title. There's Stickenup Adams; that's 'cause he holds his thin nose so high. Then there's Paper-collar Joe; that's 'cause he likes to be genteel about the neck. We've all got nicknames. But in a voyage to Australey we gives ourselves the tarmos our mothers' knew us by."

"What is your name?" said I.

"Abraham Vise," said he.

"Vise?"

"I calls it Vise," said he, looking a little disconcerted: "it's wrote with a W."

"And your shipmates?"

"Him," he answered, indicating his comrade by jerking his chin at him, "is Jacob Minikin. Him that's forrards is Tommy Budd." He paused, with his eyes fixed upon Helga. "Jacob," said he, addressing his mate while he steadfastly regarded the girl, "I've been a-thinking, if so be as the gentleman and lady aren't going to be put aboard a homeward-bounder in a hurry, how's she to sleep? Tell ye what it is," said he slowly, looking around at Jacob; "if to-night finds 'em aboard us we'll have to tarm out of the fore-peak. There's a good enough bed for the likes of us men under that there raft," said he, pointing to the wide recess that was roofed by the overhanging of the deck of the fore-peak. "The lady looks as if nothen short of a twenty-four hours' spell of sound sleep was going to do her good. But of course, as I was saying, and now he was addressing me, "you and her may be aboard another craft, homeward bound, before the night comes."

"I thank you, on behalf of the lady, for your proposal, Abraham," said I. "She wants rest, as you say; but privacy must naturally be a condition of her resting comfortably in your fore-peak. Six hours would suffice."

"Oh! she can lie there all night," said Jacob.

At this moment the third man made his appearance. He rose thrusting through a little square hatch, and, with true 'longshore instincts, took a slow survey of the sea, with an occasional rub of his wrist along his eyes before coming aft. He glanced at Helga and me carelessly, as though we had long become familiar features of the lugger to his mind, and, giving Abraham a nod, exclaimed, with another look round the sea, "A nice little air o' wind out this mornin'."

This fellow was a middle-aged man, probably forty-five. His countenance was of a somewhat sour cast, his eyebrows thick and of an iron grey, and his eyes, deep-seated under them, gazed forth between lids whose rims were so red that they put a fancy into one of their being slowly eaten away by fire as a spark bites into tinder. The sulky curl of mouth expressed the born marine grumbler. His headgear was of fur like Jacob's; but I observed that he was dressed in a long coat that had manifestly been cut for or worn by a parson. Under the flapping tails of this coat were exhibited a pair of very loose fearnought trousers, terminating in a pair of large, gouty, square-toed shoes.

"What about breakfast?" said he. "Ain't it toime to loight the foire?"

"Why, yes," answered Abraham, "and I dessay," said he, looking at me, "ye won't be sorry to get a mouthful o' wittles."

The sour-faced man named Tommy went forward, and was presently busy in chopping up a piece of wood.

"There are some good rashers to be had out of those hams you took from the raft," said I; "you will find the canned meat pleasant eating too. While you are getting breakfast I'll explore your fore-peak, with your permission."

"Sartinly," answered Abraham.

"Come along, Helga," said I, and we went forward.

We dropped through the hatch, and found ourselves in a little gloomy interior, much too shallow to stand erect in. There were four bunks, so contrived as to serve as seats and lockers as well as beds. There were no mattresses, but in each bunk was a little pile of blankets.

"A noble sea-parlour, Helga!" said I, laughing.

"It is better than the raft," she answered.

"Ay, indeed! but for all that not so good as to render us unwilling to leave this little lugger. You will never be able to sleep in one of these holes?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a note of cheerfulness in her voice; "but I hope there may be no occasion. I shall not want to sleep till the night comes, and, before it comes, we may be in another ship journeying home—to your-home, I mean," she added, with a sigh.

"And not more mine than yours, so long as it will please you to make it yours. And now," said I, "that we may be as comfortable as possible—where are our friends' toilet conveniences? Their washbasin is, no doubt, the ocean over the side, and I suspect a little lump of grease, used at long intervals, serves them for the soap they need. But there is plenty of refreshment to be had out of a salt-water rinsing of the face. Stay you here, and I will hand you down what is to be found."

I regained the deck, and asked one of the men to draw me a bucket of salt-water: I then asked Abraham for a piece of sail-cloth to serve as a towel.

"Sailcloth!" he cried. "I'll give ye the real thing," and, sliding open a locker in the stern sheets, he extracted a couple of towels.

"Want any soap?" said he.

"Soap!" cried I. "Have you such a thing?"

"Why, what d'ye think we are?" called the sour-faced man Tommy, who was kneeling at the little stove and blowing into it to kindle some chips of wood. "How's a man to shave without soap?"

"Want a looking-glass?" said Abraham, handing me a lump of marine soap as he spoke.

"Thank you," said I, modestly.

"And here's a comb," said he, producing out of his trousers pocket a knife-shaped affair that he opened into a large brass comb. "Anything more?"

"What more have you?" said I.

"Nothin' s'avin' a razor," said he.

This I did not require. I carried the bucket and the little



bundle of unexpected conveniences to the hatch, and called to Helga.

"Here am I rich in spoils," said I softly. "These boat-men are complete dandies. Here is soap, here are towels, here is a looking-glass, and here is a comb," and having handed her these things I made my way aft again.

"We ha'n't asked your name yet, Sir," said Abraham, who was at the tiller again, while the other two were busy at the stove getting the breakfast.

"Hugh Tregarthen," said I.

"Thank ye," said he; "and the lady?"

"Helga Nielsen."

He nodded approvingly, as though pleased with the sound of the name.

"She's a nice little gal, upon my word," said he: "too good to belong to any other country nor Britain. Them Danes gets hold of the English tongue wonderful fast. Take a Swede or a Dutchman: it's *yaw yaw* with them to the end of their time. But I've met Danes as ye wouldn't know from Deal men, so fust-class was their speech." He slowly carried his chin to his shoulder to take a view of the weather astern, and then, fastening his eyes with 'longshore leisuress upon my face—and I now noticed for the first time that he slightly squinted—he said, "It's a good job that we fell in with 'ee, Mr. Tregarthen; for if so be as you two had kept all on washing about on that there raft till noon to-day—and I give ye till noon—ye'd be wanting no man's help nor prayers afterwards. It's a-going to blow."

"Yes," said I, "there's wind enough in that sky there; in fact, it's freshening a bit already, isn't it?" For I now perceived the keener feathering and sharper play upon the waters, and the harder and broader racing of the yeast that was pouring away from either quarter of the lugger. "There's been a shift of the wind, too, I think," I added, trying to catch a sight of the dusky interior of a little compass-box that stood on the seat close against Abraham.

"Yes, it's drawn norradly," he answered. "I ain't sorry, for it's like justifying of me for not setting ye ashore. I *did* think, when the young lady asked me to steer for England, that I wasn't acting the part of a humane man in refusing of her, and for keeping all on stretching the distance between you and your home. But I reckoned upon the wind drawing ahead for a homeward-bound course, and now it *has*; so that if we was to keep you a week and get ye aboard a steamer at the end of it you'd stand to get home sooner than if we was to down hellum now and start aratching for your coast."

"We owe our lives to you," said I, cordially. "Not likely that we could wish to inconvenience you by causing your lugger to swerve by so much as a foot from her course."

(To be continued.)

## PULPIT COINCIDENCES.

If there is anything which pleases the average intelligent reader in the present day better than the detection of a piece of manifest and unblushing plagiarism, it is an allegation of plagiarism which is not quite manifest, and for which the author would undoubtedly blush if he were proved to be nothing but a jackdaw in borrowed plumes. Perhaps it is sad that men and women should be so readily pleased at the castigation of the detected plagiarist; but, if anyone entertains a doubt as to the existence of a keen relish for literary exposures of this kind, he either does not look at the journals which have a notoriously keen scent for curious parallels of phrase and idea, or studies them to little purpose. For some time past there has been what I should call, if I were addicted to slang, a boom in plagiarism; and connected with one incident in this boom we have had a run upon the familiar anecdotes of sermons which have been made to do double and treble duty. These anecdotes are nearly all amusing, and every parson could reel off a dozen of them at one sitting. But, my ingenious reader, we do not call this sort of thing plagiarism: it is no more than an ordinary coincidence of the pulpit. The greater divines of every communion have been rehearsed at least as often as the Greek dramatists have been re-edited; and the wisest bishops and elders have often recommended young preachers to practise this very pious fraud. "A sermon of South in a curate's mouth" will scarcely raise the eyebrows of an experienced or case-hardened country clergyman.

It may be permitted to add another to the large stock of sermon-stories—one which has not hitherto found its way into print, and which has the merit of being absolutely true. A young curate, fresh from Cambridge and from the hands of the bishop, found himself very comfortably settled in a midland parish, under a rector whose chief fault was an excess of haughty self-inflation. For some time he was not allowed to preach, being expected to fetch and carry in the parish for the rector's wife, to exercise authority over the village boys, and occasionally to take a hand at lawn-tennis with the rector's daughters and their governess. In an unguarded moment—in various unguarded moments—he and one of the daughters fell in love with each other; and by instinct the curate knew that if an inkling of the truth should reach the rector's ears he would never be able to enter the house again. But, luckily, the mother saw through the transparent couple, resolved that the match would "do," and waited for an opportunity of promoting it.

A day came when the curate was asked to preach in his rector's absence; and being nervous, with only a few hours to prepare for the ordeal, he took down a volume of Barrow, selected a text, and strung together a few sparkling beads on a slender thread of commonplace. The sermon was a success in more senses than one. The old people and the children went to sleep under it, but it riveted the attention of the intelligent adults, and especially of the rector's family. There is matter for a novel in all that took place as a result of the curate's lucky stroke of plagiarism; but it must be disposed of in a sentence or two. No one at the rectory complimented him on his sermon, but outside he received a great deal more praise than he cared for, because it was evidently sarcastic and insincere. Next morning he met his Lucy on the village green, and, as she was a downright young person, the veil of mystery was torn away. He was supposed to have filched an old sermon of the rector's, to have covered it with a thin disguise, and passed it off as his own! The rest may be imagined. Lucy told her mother all that there was to tell; the mother secured that volume of Barrow, and turned it to good account. Suffice it to say that the rector and his curate understood each other better from that time forward, and that Miss Lucy, after a fairly long engagement, was eventually married to the man of her choice.

The Queen has commanded that in future the British Nurses' Association shall bear the style and title of "Royal." The association has been in existence three years, and its first and primary object has been the publication of a register of trained nurses. The first annual register is now in course of issue, and in time will undoubtedly be of much use to medical men and the public.

## SOME AMERICAN POETS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I read somewhere, lately, that the Americans possess, at present, more minor poets, and better minor poets, than we can boast in England. The phrase "minor poet" is disliked by minstrels, and here let it be taken to denote merely poets who have not yet a recognised national fame, like Lord Tennyson with us and Mr. Whittier in America. Whether, in the larger and less recognised class, we have not at least as many poets to show as the States is a question of statistics. But it is very probable that the Western singers, whether better than ours or not, are, at all events, different from ours, and therefore, so far, interesting.

The works of four new Transatlantic poets lie beside me. *Place aux dames*. Let us take, first, "Poems" by the late Miss Emily Dickinson. This is certainly a very curious little book. It has already reached its fourth edition, partly, no doubt, because Mr. Howells praised it very highly. I cannot go nearly so far as Mr. Howells, because, if poetry is to exist at all, it really must have form and grammar, and must rhyme when it professes to rhyme. The wisdom of the ages and the nature of man insist on so much. We may be told that Democracy does not care, any more than the Emperor did, for grammar. But even if Democracy overleaps itself and lands in savagery again, I believe that our savage successors will, though unconsciously, make their poems grammatical. Savages do not use bad grammar in their own conversation or in their artless compositions. That is a fault of defective civilisations. Miss Dickinson, who died lately at the age of fifty-six, was a recluse, dwelling in Amherst, a town of Massachusetts. She did not write for publication. Her friends have produced her work. Sometimes it is as bad as this—

Angels' breathless ballot  
Lingers to record thee;  
Tups in eager caucus  
Raffle for my soul.

This, of course, is mere nonsense. What is a "breathless ballot"? How can a ballot record anything, and how can it "linger" in recording, especially if it is in such a hurry as to be breathless? Indeed, one turns over Miss Dickinson's book with a puzzled feeling that there was poetry in her subconsciousness, but that it never became explicit. One might as well seek for an air in the notes of a bird as for articulate and sustained poetry here. One piece begins—

This is the land the sunset washes,  
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea.

And here is rhythm and the large sense of evening air—

Where it rose, or whither it rushes,  
These are the Western mystery.  
Night after night her purple traffic  
Strews the landing with opal bales;  
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,  
Dip and vanish with fairy sails.

The second verse is not very easy to construe, but there was poetry in the writer. This, again, has the true lyrical note—

I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea,  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

There is not much else that can be quoted without bringing in the fantastic, irresponsible note of a poet who was her own audience, and had constructed her own individual "Ars Poetica." The words of Mr. Aldrich in "The Sister's Tragedy" (Macmillan) might have been written about Miss Dickinson—

A twilight poet groping quite alone,  
Belated in a sphere where every nest  
Is emptied of its music and its wings.

Mr. Aldrich's new poem, of course, cannot be criticised in this brief space. His "Sister's Tragedy" is beautiful and accomplished work, a true tragedy tranquilly told, in a happy use of the heroic couplet. The brief poem to the Laureate is admirable, a charming compliment. That other compliment of imitation, wherein, to my mind, Mr. Aldrich was once over-lavish, is not paid by him to the Laureate in this pleasant volume. He speaks with his own voice; and speaks best, perhaps, when gravest. This is grave, in its way—

### A PETITION.

To spring belongs the violet, and the blown  
Spice of the roses let the summer own.  
Grant me this favour, Muse, all else withhold—  
That I may not write verse when I am old.  
And yet I pray you, Muse, delay the time;  
Be not too ready to deny me rhyme;  
And when the hour strikes, as it must, dear Muse,  
I beg you very gently break the news.

That is as pretty as if Paulus Silentiarius had written it—Paulus, that pleasing *décadent* of thirteen centuries ago. I am happy in having seen "A Petition" well done into Greek elegiacs. Mr. Aldrich's book also contains a play, in prose, on the French occupation of Spain. But here we only deal with verse, and almost everyone who cares for modern verse will take pleasure in that of Mr. Aldrich.

Mr. Sidney Lanier, who died in 1886, was a young Southern gentleman, who took his part in the American Civil War. His health was ruined by privation and exposure, it seems, and his later years were spent in a struggle with sickness and death. His profession was literature, and his career was inspired by these melancholy times of the South, when "pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying." He lectured, he edited books, he wrote criticisms, he lived, in fact, by his pen, and had neither health nor leisure to do full justice to the poet in him. His poems now appear, edited by Mrs. Lanier, with a brief biography by Mr. William Hayes Ward. Mr. Ward thinks that Mr. Lanier "will take his final rank with the first princes of American song," which seems a trifle overstated. What he might have done we can only guess; what he did has elements of excellence, but never attains to the music of Poe, the gaiety and pathos of Bret Harte, or the tranquil wisdom and refinement of Longfellow, at his best. There is in them, I do not say an affectation, but an apparent straining after original expression, which is not always fortunate. For example, of "Sunrise" he writes—

The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh! the Bee,  
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,  
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee,  
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea.

Here is the same exaggerated note—

Over the monstrous shambling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:  
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red West,  
Thy Prospero I'll be.

What pleased Mr. Lanier most in nature, it seems, was a wide-winged sunset, or sunrise, across the marshes of Glynn—

Ye marshes, how candid and simple, and nothing withholding, and free,  
Ye publish yourselves to the sky, and offer yourselves to the sea.

The style, though fluent, is decidedly fantastic; yet more fantastic is it, after praising many poets, to appeal to—

Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ.

The errors of Crashaw lie that way, and very odd it is to find them reappearing in a poet of modern Georgia. Mr. Lanier is hard on Homer, forsooth—

Thee also I forgive thy sandy wastes,  
Of prose and catalogue, thy drear harangues  
That tease the patience of the centuries,  
Thy sleazy scrap of story; but a rogue's  
Rape of a light-o'-love—too soiled a patch  
To broil with the gods.

Mr. Lanier forgiving Homer! Mr. Lanier, with his sleaziness, condoning the immortal speeches of Achilles and Odysseus as "drear harangues"! Think of Mr. Lanier styling the divine one of women, the whole world's love, the heart's desire of Marlowe and Goethe, the incarnate beauty, the sweetest nature, the kindest hostess, Argive Helen, "a light o' love"! As for "sandy wastes of prose and catalogue," there is not in Homer one line, one word of prose, and the catalogue of the ships, did no more survive, is alone worth all the poetry that all the presses of America have given to the world. It is a little too sleazy, this insolence of Mr. Lanier's. Heaven only knows how the spirit of Zoilus came to hypnotise him thus. Perhaps he was no great Grecian, and suffered the usual penalty of writing about what he did not know very perfectly. Of his own poems "Corn" seems the most finished, stately, and dignified. It is difficult to be quite fair to such a blasphemer of Homer as Mr. Lanier, but it is impossible to estimate his very considerable genius in a note. He is, with all his defects, himself; original, even if he strives to be too original; and his poems, to people who buy poetry still, are worth buying. He is, perhaps, the second poet whom the South has given to American literature; the first is more esteemed elsewhere than in the North.

Last, we come to the poet of the West, of Chicago, Mr. Eugene Field, with his "Little Book of Western Verse" (Scribner's Sons). Many people know Mr. Field by his delightful lullaby of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." He who has read that must wish to read more of Mr. Field. I like him best when he writes neither in dialect nor in a kind of old English, though, as far as is possible, he writes well and divertingly in both. But he writes very much better in plain English, for any Scot can tell by his Scotch verses that he is no Scotsman. The Japanese "Lullaby" is as good, in its way, as the Dutch. "In Flanders" is extremely comic, and everybody who is fond of children and of books will here find excellent things on books and children. Most poets take themselves more seriously than need be. I venture very respectfully to think that Mr. Field does not take himself seriously enough, and that he is more of a poet than he cares to acknowledge. On the other hand, the terminology of Chicago suits ill with imitations of Horace. The Venusian, if he is to be imitated, must be imitated in English severely classical.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is stated—I do not vouch for the truth of the story—that the Hon. R. M. Acton, the only son and heir of Lord Acton, has joined the English Church, "under the influence of members of the Pusey House." Mr. Acton is an undergraduate at Magdalen College. Lord Acton—perhaps the most learned man in England—is very distinctly a Liberal Roman Catholic. He was on intimate terms with such diverse personalities as Dollinger and George Eliot, on the latter of whom he wrote a very valuable article in the *Nineteenth Century*. Lord Acton has been concerned in at least three literary undertakings—the *Home and Foreign Review*, the *North British Review* (in its last very learned days), and the *English Historical Review*.

Mr. Spurgeon has written to the Lord Mayor expressing his regret at the unfortunate incident of the Polytechnic sermon, expressing his full belief that the Lord Mayor's statement that he had no recollection of having borrowed the homily is true, and inviting the Lord Mayor to visit him at an early date.

The expression *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, which greets the visitor to Rome from the face of St. Peter's, and which played so great a part in Newman's conversion, is a quotation from St. Augustine, but, curiously enough, there is no key-word to it in the very full verbal notes to St. Augustine's works. A correspondent of the *Guardian* points out that it is to be found in "Contra Epistolam Parmeniani," lib. 3.

The Vicar of Leeds has written an interesting tribute to the late Lord Beauchamp. As Warden of Keble, Dr. Talbot was necessarily brought much into contact with the late peer, who gave magnificently, both in money and in care, to that college. Between Lord Beauchamp and Canon Liddon there was a deep friendship. Both were book-fanciers, and in the noble library at Madresfield, the old moated house by the Malvern Hills, it was cheering to see Liddon's face beaming with sympathetic gratification at some treasure—liturgical, Shakespearean, or what not—newly acquired by his host. In the "Lux Mundi" controversy Lord Beauchamp followed Liddon. "Liddon carries my conscience," he said, "in such matters." Nevertheless, he looked forward with interest to Mr. Gore's Bampton Lectures on the Incarnation—the first of which was delivered at Oxford on March 1.

The late Dean Plumptre once put a question worth thinking over: "What might Burns have been under happier influences—if some other religious aspect than the narrow, hard, repelling aspect of Scotch Calvinism had been presented to him?"

Mr. Spurgeon has refused to allow the Liberation Society to meet again in his Tabernacle, and has ceased to contribute to the funds of the society. The alleged ground of this is that the society is becoming too political. For many years great assemblies have met every year in the Tabernacle to demand Disestablishment, and some of the most eloquent speeches of Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Spurgeon himself have been delivered on these occasions.

The approaching assembly of the Congregational Union promises to be exciting. A successor will probably be appointed to the late Rev. Dr. Hannay, the secretary of the Union. The office is one of considerable dignity and emolument. It is understood that the committee of the Union think of recommending the Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, the popular young preacher who declined a call to succeed Henry Ward Beecher. To this there will be opposition, and if it is carried out one very prominent minister will probably cease to be connected with the Union.

Within twelve months an unparalleled list of ecclesiastical appointments has fallen to Lord Salisbury's patronage—including an archbishopric and seven bishoprics, five deaneries, and five canonries. By the admission of all parties, the Premier has shown much wisdom and fairness in his selections. V.





"THE NEW SHOES."

PICTURE BY MISS HARRIETTE SUTCLIFFE, AT THE LEEDS MUNICIPAL FINE ART GALLERY.



RECONNAISSANCE BY THE MIRANZAI FIELD FORCE, SAMANA MOUNTAIN RANGE, NORTH-WEST INDIA.



MONUMENT TO ARTURO PRATT.



PISAGUA, COAST OF CHILE, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE INSURGENT FLEET.



SCENE IN A CHILIAN WAYSIDE POSADA.

FROM A PICTURE BY DON MANUEL ANTONIO CARO.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A good deal of talk and discussion has of late been proceeding in America regarding deaf-mutism and hereditary deafness. The country which owned Laura Bridgman (whom Dickens described so well) as a native has always been famous for its endeavours to better the condition of the deaf and dumb, and to instruct them in the ways and works of normal life. I have before me an interesting account of hereditary deafness, gathered from the experiences of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., which is the oldest school for deaf-mutes in the United States. Some 2459 pupils have passed under its course of instruction; there have been contracted 600 marriages in which one or both parties were pupils of the school; and the children of the marriages number over eight hundred. In view of the unions of deaf-mutes, the question of hereditary deafness is therefore a highly important one, seeing that the probable effects of the intermarriage of deaf-mutes would be that of perpetuating the condition in question.

Other things being equal, the presence of deafness in the offspring of congenitally deaf parents is to be reasonably expected on the common basis of heredity. The tendency to deafness, in cases in which the parents have become accidentally deaf, is, on the other hand, slight in character. The American figures show that, of fifty-two families in which both parents were congenitally deaf, twenty-three possess children similarly affected. Thirty-seven families in which the husbands were born deaf, while the wives were accidentally deaf, gave two with deaf children only—four in one family, and one in the second. There were fifty-one families with fathers accidentally deaf and mothers congenitally deaf, and of these seven produced deaf children—nine of the children born deaf belonging to two families. Again, fifty-five families existed in which both parents were accidentally deaf, and these gave origin to four children born deaf—one in each of four families. Four of the sixteen families in which the husbands possess hearing powers and the wives were born deaf have children who are deaf. In five families out of the twenty-six in which the husbands are congenitally deaf, while the wives hear, are there children born without hearing powers. In six of the twenty-seven families where husbands are deaf from birth and the hearing of the wives was unknown, congenitally deaf children were found. Nearly one half the marriages in question were without issue at all. The figures just given raise the question whether the marriages of deaf-mutes ought to be encouraged, and this matter is agitating Americans to-day. Perhaps affairs of the heart in deaf-mutes, like the tastes of normal people, will refuse to conform to the ideal hygienic laws of mating of the sexes. On the face of things, perhaps, the marriages in question are unadvisable; though not more so than the ill-regulated unions which are contracted daily everywhere, by persons suffering from inherited ailments, of which consumption is a notable example.

Among the many ingenious mechanical contrivances which recent days have produced must be ranked an instrument called the "sciscope." This is the invention of Captain de Place, of Paris. It is intended to detect the presence of flaws in metal castings, and its importance in this respect, of enabling us to discover defects in such important structures as engine connecting-rods and the like cannot be overestimated. The sciscope consists of a pneumatic tapper, which is worked by the hand, and which is used, of course, to tap the steel to be tested. A telephone is connected with the tapper, and a microphone, or sound-magnifier, is inserted in the circuit. One operator uses the tapper, while another listens through the telephone to the sounds produced. The one occupies a separate apartment from the other, so as to avoid disturbance of the hearing sense by the tapping. A false note, so to speak, given by the tapper is heard by the listener, and the latter instantly signals by electricity to his neighbour, so that the spot tapped may at once be indicated. The flaw in the metal is thus at once localised. The sciscope has been put to practical tests in Paris and in London. Pieces of metal unknown to the operators were tested, and had their flaws duly localised by the instrument, to the general satisfaction of those who had prepared the pieces of metal, and who knew their exact state. The instrument seems, however, to be capable of improvement, judging from the report of the trials. Its faults apparently showed on the side of over-delicacy, but Captain de Place will doubtless speedily be able to perfect his already valuable instrument, and to make it an indispensable companion to the engineer.

How the cold weather affects the death-rate has, of course, been fully illustrated at home, while abroad it has likewise exerted its untoward effects on human health. In Paris, I observe, the frost began on Nov. 26, and continued without interruption till Jan. 21. In the third week of the frost the death-rate began to rise far above its normal measure, the chief cause of death being diseases of the lungs. When the thaw came, the mortality fell at once, the death-rate going back to its normal rate (for the time of year) in the week extending from Jan. 25 to 31. This fact offers a striking comment on the influence of the weather on health, which I make bold to say is much greater and more potent than even those of us who are most given to studying meteorology (in a popular way) can conceive. The researches of Sir A. Mitchell, M.D., and Dr. Buchan on the relations which exist between the seasons and disease are classic in their exactitude and originality. The time may come when doctors will issue medical warnings and forecasts very much as the meteorologists do to-day. Indeed, there is a very fair basis, I think, even now, for the construction of such warnings. I know of one medical man, at least, who used to warn his apocryphically inclined patients (gentlemen of the "aldermanic" type of constitution) to be specially careful of themselves, their diet, and all their ways when sudden barometrical changes were in progress. Blood-pressure and air-pressure have many things in common, so that his advice was not without its scientific reasons.

Some notes on luminous centipedes are interesting. It seems these fire-bearers belong to the *Geophilus* family of the many-legged order, and that both sexes are luminous, the light being spread over the lower surface of the body. The luminous matter appears to come from two glands specially devoted to its formation. On being pressed, the phosphorescent matter exudes as a yellowish matter, possessing a very distinctive odour. A curious feature of the luminosity appears to consist in the fact that it is seen only at certain seasons, and notably in the autumn. Observers have suggested that the luminosity is connected with the pairing-season of the animals. If so, the feature in question will have to be added to the list of "attractive characters," on the presence of which Darwin founded his theory of sexual selection.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BLAIR H. COCHRANE (Clewes).—We evidently gave you credit by mistake. You sent the right move, P to Q 5th, but it must become a Kt, not a Q. Thanks for pointing out the error, but it is difficult now to rectify it.

C. KNIFE.—Yes, you are all quite right.

J. C. WESLEY (Exeter).—It is scarcely likely the attacking player would overlook the move you give, if its results were so effective. Taking your own analysis, for instance, after B to Q 3rd, 2. K takes B, Q takes K; if Q takes K, B takes B; 4. B takes P, Q to B 3rd; 5. B to K 6th; 6. R takes K; 7. Q takes R; 8. Black has many much better moves than Q takes B. He can Castle, for instance, with a good game, or play Kt to Q 2nd. Your other structure is scarcely just, in view of the fact that Steinitz puts the move forward as the practical proof of his fundamental principles.

W. T. S. (Madras).—Thanks for your expression of sympathy, as well as approval of our column.

ANALYSIS (Bath).—We are sorry we are now unable to inform you; but an application to J. Wade, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, might gain you the information.

R. KELLY.—It will afford us much pleasure to make the exchange you desire.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—The dual, as you think, spoils your problem, but we are pleased to have your further contribution.

J. H. GARRATT (Dublin).—Your problem shall be carefully examined, and reported upon later.

W. H. J. and J. W. L.—We will look at the position, and give our decision in the manner you desire.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2431 to 2434 received from P. B. Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2439 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Thimkur) and E. K. Sheldermolen (Astoria, U.S.A.); of No. 2440 from Astoria Chess Club and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry; of No. 2441 from Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.) and Astoria Chess Club; of No. 2442 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2444 from C. E. H. (Clifton) and T. L. Hameyer; of No. 2445 from C. A. Plaister, J. C. Ireland, A. Gwinner, Spike, D. McCoy (Galway), C. E. H. Allen, F. Kidney, T. L. Hameyer, L. Schlu (Vienna), C. E. Perugini, Julia Short (Exeter), Captain J. A. Challice, and W. Hanalham.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2446 received from E. E. H., D. McCoy (Galway), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T. G. Ware, R. Worters (Canterbury), W. T. Hurley (Rochester), Alpha, Dawn, Dr. F. St., J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. Bailey, Martin F., Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. Perugini, Shadforth, B. D. Knox, B. P. Vulliamy, R. H. Brooks, J. Good, H. S. B. (Pariolme), Dr. Fernando (Dublin), T. Chown, J. Dixon, W. R. B. (Plymouth), M. Burke, E. Louden, G. Joicer, T. Roberts, W. David (Cardiff), Julia Short (Exeter), L. Desanges (Rome), J. Wesley (Exeter), Blair H. Cochran, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2444.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

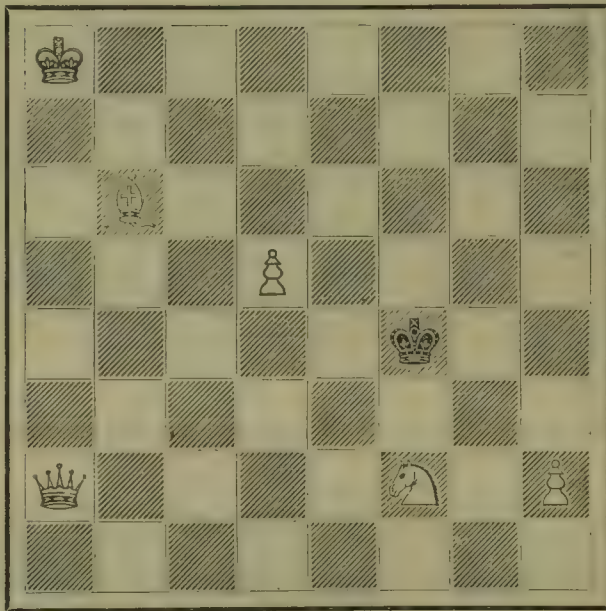
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 8th. K to Kt 5th  
2. Q takes P (ch). K takes Q  
3. Kt to Q 5th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to K 5th (ch); and if 1. K to Kt 3rd, 2. Q to K 5th, P to R 3rd; 3. Kt to B 8th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2448.

By G. HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. TINSLEY and MULLER.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd  
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
4. Kt to B 3rd

Mr. Muller possesses such a complete knowledge of the openings that a blunder like this could only be the result of nervousness due to the exciting conditions of the moment. He now has to fight an uphill game.

5. Kt to K 5th P takes P  
6. B to K Kt 5th Q to Q 4th  
Black leaves White the option of doubling another Pawn; but it would scarcely be good in the present position.

7. B to Q B 4th B takes Kt (ch)  
8. P takes B Q to R 4th  
9. B to Q 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd  
10. P to K B 4th P to K 6th  
11. B takes P Q takes P (ch)  
12. B to Q 2nd

If K to B 2nd, Black plays Kt takes Kt, with by far the better game, as the

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
13. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt  
14. B to Q 3rd B to B 3rd  
15. R to Q Kt sq Castles (K R)

We see no great objection to B takes P, winning at least the exchange; but with two Pawns ahead Black presumably plays for safety.

16. Q to K 2nd K R to Q sq  
17. B to K 3rd Q to Q 4th  
18. Castles Q takes R P  
19. P to B 5th P takes P  
20. B to Q B 4th Q to R 4th  
21. Q to B 2nd

Losing right off; but there was nothing satisfactory.

21. Kt to Kt 5th  
22. Q to Kt 3rd Kt takes B  
23. Q takes Kt Q to Q 7th  
24. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Q 5th (ch)

And White resigns.

THE THIRD GAME IN THE ABOVE-NAMED MATCH.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P to K 3rd  
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
4. B to B 4th B to K 2nd  
5. P to K 3rd Castles  
6. R to Q B sq P to Q B 3rd  
7. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K 5th  
8. B to Q 3rd Kt takes Kt  
9. P takes Kt

Obviously he cannot take with the Rook.

9. Kt to Q 2nd  
10. Kt to Q 2nd P to K B 4th  
11. P to K R 4th

An advance such as this rarely succeeds against play of any class. Black is far too cool to be rushed by what is only the appearance of an attack.

11. Kt to K B 3rd  
12. P to R 5th B to Q 2nd  
13. P to K B 3rd Q to K sq  
14. P to K Kt 4th P takes Kt P  
15. P takes P P to K 4th

This clever exchange of Pawns completely frustrates White's ill-advised strategy. Now his own King is in danger.

16. P takes K P Kt takes P  
B takes P would be bad, as White

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
17. Q to Q B 2nd P to K R 3rd  
18. B to Kt 6th Q to Q sq  
19. K to K 2nd Q to Kt 3rd  
20. P to Q B 5th Q takes P  
21. Kt to Q Kt 3rd Q to B 5th (ch)  
22. B to Q 3rd R takes B

A little in the Morphy style, but pretty obvious. If B takes Q, Black checks with R at B 7th, and comes out with two Bishops and a P for the Rook, and an easy winning position.

23. P takes R Q takes K B P  
24. Q R to K sq Q to K 6th (ch)  
25. K to B sq R to B sq (ch)  
26. B to B 5th

White's idea, of course, is to take the K with Q if R takes B (ch), but his hopes of catching Black must have been very faint.

26. Q to K 6th (ch)  
27. K to Kt sq Q to K 6th (ch)  
28. Resigns.

If Q interposes, Q takes R (ch), Queens are exchanged, and the Bishop goes after. After Black's 23rd move the game is hopeless.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Clubs played matches with the City of London Chess Club on Saturday, Feb. 21, with the result that the Oxford men, who last year won by one game, were this year beaten by four games, while the Cambridge men, who last year lost by one game, were this year victorious by one or two games.

## OF UNRECOGNISED GENIUS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The publication of a new "Life of Thackeray" will revive in many a mind a question which is the most puzzling of all when his work is considered. How was it that the world was so long in discovering his genius, or so long in acclaiming it? For here there may be a point of discrimination. It is conceivable that, though the reviewers were silent, unappreciative, uncertain, the "Paris Sketch Book" and the *Fraser's Magazine* work of Thackeray had spread a consciousness of his genius before "Vanity Fair" appeared to challenge the reviews more closely. In that case, however, we might expect to find that his books had a large sale; since even books that have no genius in them, no excellence whatever, and no public reputation either, find an underground way to thousands of sympathetic readers. But these earlier works of Thackeray ("Barry Lyndon," for example) had no considerable sale. Fraser himself, I have heard, thought so little of the commercial value of some of the best and brightest of the "Miscellanies" that he resigned his share in their copyright without the asking. His share—for it is the law that author and publisher have an equal claim on the copyright of magazine contributions. It was at one of the Fraser dinners, which became famous when Thackeray rose to fame. "Fraser," said Thackeray, who had drifted with that publisher out of the main stream of conversation into a quiet backwater, "I think I may like to republish some of these little things of mine one fine day, and should be glad to buy your share in them." The proud answer was, "My dear Thackeray, come and see me to-morrow, and you shall have the copyrights. Make you a present of them!" Which was done, to the unimagined profit of the author when the day of sunshine came.

Here we have excellent testimony to what has been often said, that Thackeray's name stood at no eminence, and that his work made little profit for anyone concerned in its production till "Vanity Fair" had reached its fifth or sixth number. And yet "Barry Lyndon" had been written, and the "Paris Sketch Book," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," and half a dozen other pieces which not only proclaimed their author a man of extraordinary genius—which he might have been, and yet rather difficult to read—but a clear, fresh, vigorous, humorous, delightful writer. It was not as if he appealed to the sympathies of a few, or embarrassed his pages with crabbed diction or strange doctrine. The spirit in him was the same spirit of observation and satire, keenly humorous, and backed upon kindness, which had made many another name famous, and kept it so; while, as for his style, all its novelty lay in a superiority of ease, strength, simplicity, illumination—all the qualities that are common to good literature everywhere and in every age. That "Sartor Resartus" should not win general and immediate admiration for its author is readily understood. But "Barry Lyndon"! What was there in it or about it, or what in "the public" to which it was first presented, to hide the merits of the one from the perception of the other? It seems impossible to answer the question, or even to understand why the "Paris Sketch Book," the "Irish Sketch Book," and some, at least, of Thackeray's smaller pieces failed to reveal him as one of the keenest students of human nature that ever delivered himself in English, and one of the most masterly of "light writers" to boot.

No doubt he had many admirers long before "Vanity Fair." The books about him convey a false impression on this point. Thackeray was by no means so neglected and unknown till his magnificent story appeared as the generation that came after him have been led to suppose. But, while his reputation took a far narrower compass than that of men who are already half-forgotten, where he was read, where he was known, there was no adequate comprehension of the genius displayed in Thackeray's earlier work, an exception here and there proving nothing to the contrary. And yet there were as many open minds, judges as original and competent, when "Barry Lyndon" was published as there were ten years afterwards. That story, as fine and firm a piece of workmanship as any that came from its author's hands—not so great as others in parts, but less faulty than most, and suggestive in every page of inexhaustible penetration and power—failed to give the world any conception of its author's transcendent merit.

It is a mystery, though not a new one. The vivid and robust wit that animated English literature in Elizabeth's day was quite undisturbed by a consciousness of Shakespeare's worth; and so it has been over and over again, and no man can say why. Sometimes, indeed, we hear that this or that genius was in "advance of his age," but the remark does not help us to understand why Shakespeare's contemporaries—great men of kindred mind—were incompetent to discern what he was, nor succeeding generations of poets and critics either. Certainly no such explanation stands good in Thackeray's case. The "spirit of the age" did not change between 1810 and 1850, and it was not a new generation that fell down and worshipped him at about the last-named period. Youth has never admired Thackeray much, and it would be strange if it did. Those who first opened their eyes to his extraordinary merits as novelist, satirist, poet, and critic had all the evidence of his greatness before them years before.

The moral of these familiar observations is that, for aught we know to the contrary, we are victims of the same dulness at this very moment. We have not the slightest warrant for assuming that the critical perceptions of the age are keener than those of our fathers; indeed, I can but think that criticism in some of its departments was never more strained, more affected, and ridiculous than it is now; and it is not to be expected that an age so prolific in the creation of false ideals should be singularly perceptive of the truest worth. And yet how strange it is to think that, unless the present generation differs from all—I suppose we may say all—its predecessors, not only do we give praise, in the full satisfaction of our souls, to work that will be condemned twenty years hence, but sterling genius moves among us quite unknown! Unless a long line of precedent has come to an end, fine painters are exhibiting their work to the keenest acumen of the time—the keenest acumen being dull to its excellence. One or two writers at least there should be who plod in penury, or waste in a recurrent fever of effort and disappointment, because we have no eyes to see the beauty that will glare upon the vision of our children when they grow up. We respect the strange blindness of their fathers. Who is the neglected one? In what gallery does he exhibit his pictures, or what Sharp Dealer sells them to Amazing Ignorance at a trifle of their value? In what magazine is another "Barry Lyndon" running, or another history of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond"? How long since did another "Omar Khayyam," soaring in brightness from the press, darkly descend into the "all there at 6d." box, and what is the name of the treasure? Useless to ask such questions. Nobody can answer them. Eager as we may be to discover the unknown, we look about us as a blind man looks. And yet, though it would not be reasonable to speculate on the unrecognised existence of a Thackeray or a Millet among us, some such genius of inferior grade there is, or these times are unlike all that have gone before.





1. Messrs. Tripod and Focus go ashore from a river steamer.  
2. They decide to photograph a party of the natives sleeping in a field.  
3. The Chinamen, awaking and alarmed, take flight with yells of terror.

4. The mob of hostile peasantry is kept at bay, dreading the levelled camera as a new kind of artillery.  
5. But they drive some of their "water buffaloes," good beasts when yoked to the plough, in a fresh attack on the foreign intruders.

6. Messrs. Tripod and Focus, leaving their camera to destruction, take refuge up a tree.  
7. Ransomed by paying away all their dollars, they are permitted to embark in safety. China does not yet appreciate every art of civilisation!

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS IN CHINA: SKETCHES BY THE REV. R. O'DOWD ROSS-LEWIN, CHAPLAIN R.N.





THE QUEEN AT THE FLOATING OF THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN, PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



## THE QUEEN AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

The visit of her Majesty to Portsmouth, on Thursday, Feb. 26, was associated with the completion of two new ships constructed in the dockyard there for the Royal Navy. From a national and patriotic point of view, the Queen's presence on such an occasion is most becoming and most encouraging. Though we are not "Jingoes," we should all like to feel more sure than we are just now that, in the deplorable but, let us hope, improbable event of war, "we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too." The Royal Sovereign, which had already been launched and was only to be floated out of dock, and the Royal Arthur, which the Queen this day launched with her own hand, performing also the quaint ceremony of "christening" with a bottle of wine, are described in a separate notice. Our Artist's sketches of these proceedings need but a short report of what took place on this day.

Assembled before noon at Portsmouth, to greet her Majesty and to witness this truly royal public act, were their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, Admiral commanding at Devonport, Lord George Hamilton and the other Lords of the Admiralty, with chiefs of departments, the Naval Commander at Portsmouth (Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell), the officials of Portsmouth Dockyard, and numerous members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, for whom special trains ran from London. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, then arrived from Windsor; she was received at the dockyard railway-station by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Admiral commanding at Portsmouth, the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, and the Duke of Connaught, commanding the Southern Military District. There was a guard of honour, formed of the Royal Marine Artillery; lines of sailors, soldiers, and marines kept the road to the Royal Arthur, which was still on the stocks in a shed where she was built. Alighting from the carriage, her Majesty was here met by the Prince of Wales and the others of the royal family, including three children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. She entered a pavilion in which was a canopied platform at the bows of the ship. Among those present was Admiral von der Goltz, representing the German Emperor, who congratulated our Queen. The Comptroller of the Navy, Admiral Hopkins; the Director of Naval Construction, Mr. White; the Director of Dockyards, Mr. Elgar; Admiral Gordon, the Superintendent; and the Chief Constructor of Portsmouth Dockyard, Mr. Deadman, with five naval aides-de-camp, were in attendance.

The Queen stood before a small table on which rose a gilt pillar containing electric machinery, with two buttons for setting it to work. Below, on the slips where the ship's keel rested, men were heard knocking away the props and blocks and "dog-shores." Admiral Gordon announced that all was ready: a bell rang, a bugle sounded, and the Queen touched the first button. Crash went a bottle against the stem of the ship. This was christening, and her Majesty said, "Success to the Royal Arthur!" Then she pressed the second button: a cord was cut, a weight fell, and the ship glided swiftly down into the water. From the platform above, where the royal party remained, it was a grand sight. The guns of H.M.S. Wellington, the flag-ship, fired a salute, and a band played "Rule Britannia."

Her Majesty, followed by the others, next drove to the dock in which the Royal Sovereign lay. 'Twas now past one o'clock. At the prow of the ship, on the wharf, a pavilion was erected, with adjacent stands for privileged spectators, who had waited two hours. The Queen sat at a table, two of her sons right and left of her, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and other Royal Highnesses behind. A religious service was read by the dockyard chaplain, Rev. T. F. Morton. Mr. Deadman, the Chief Constructor, gave some brief explanations. On the table were a plate, engraved with a figure of the ship and with a record inscribed, and a miniature pillar, with a hook and cord at the top, suspending a bottle of wine. The Queen pressed a button, as at the launch of the Royal Arthur; an electric magnet set the machinery in motion. The bottle fell, and was smashed against the ship, which was named by her Majesty; the shackle holding the ship was opened, and the Royal Sovereign floated off, to be hauled out of dock unfurling a string of flags along her whole length, while the men on board gave vent to hearty cheering.

The Queen lunched at Admiralty House with Sir Edmund and Lady Commerell, and left Portsmouth at four o'clock, returning to Windsor.

## ROYAL SOVEREIGN AND ROYAL ARTHUR.

The Royal Sovereign, when completed, will be the heaviest ship in the world, displacing no less than 14,150 tons of water, or nearly as much as will be contained in the lake now being constructed for entertainments at the Royal Naval Exhibition. Indeed, the only battle-ships afloat which approach anything nearer than 2000 tons of this weight are the largest Italian men-of-war, and they are not so powerful in many respects. The length of the new ship is 380 ft., almost equal to one fourth of the distance from Charing Cross to Temple Bar; and her beam is 75 ft., or about once and a half the width of London Bridge. With all her guns, stores, and men on board, the Royal Sovereign will draw 27½ ft. of water, so that it is very certain she would not float in the higher reaches of the Thames. Although such a monster, she will be a handsome ship, if the adjective can be used to describe an ironclad at all, for she is symmetrical in shape and appearance, and, with the possible exception of her tall smoke-stack, there is an air of proportion about her which is far from disagreeable.

Her armament, as is befitting such a mammoth of the seas, is mighty too. The four great guns which are to be perched so high above water on her barbettes towers weigh sixty-seven tons apiece, and, consuming 530 lb. of gunpowder at each discharge, will throw a bolt of 1250 lb. weight through twenty-six inches of unwrought iron at a distance of 2000 yards. Her secondary armament consists entirely of rapid-firing guns, and ten of them, weighing five tons apiece, can be made to hit a target at 1000 yards, with 100-lb. balls of 6 in. diameter, four times out of five in a minute. The armour on her belt has a maximum thickness of 18 in., and that on her barbettes towers of 17 in.; she has decks of 3 in. of steel and bulkheads of 5 in. of the same metal; all her principal armour is backed with teak of 20 in. thickness, and this carries an inner steel skin 2 in. thick. The total weight of her armour and its backing is no less than 4500 tons. Then her engines of 13,000-horse power are to propel her through the water at a rate of nearly twenty miles an hour, and she will carry enough coal to take her from Plymouth to New York and home again without needing to replenish her bunkers. Finally, her crew will number 650 persons.

What a contrast is here to the Royal Sovereign which was launched at Woolwich just two centuries and a half ago! She carried 104 guns, the heaviest of which was but a popgun alongside the 3-pounder-quick-firers of the present monster, so far as the work they can do is concerned. Her length was 165 ft. and beam 48 ft., so that she could easily have gone inside the vessel which was floated out of dock on Thursday.

If she went ten knots an hour under sail it is quite as much as she was able, and if there was no wind she couldn't move ahead at all. But then the armour-clad will cost quite a million sterling before she is finished, and the ship which good old Phineas Pett designed only cost about £65,000. There are eight similar vessels to the Royal Sovereign building now in England, and they are all to be ready for commission in 1894.

The Royal Arthur is also one of eight sisters. She is what is officially termed a protected cruiser, and, when complete, there will be no more powerful ship of the type afloat in any foreign navy. Her vital parts are covered with a steel deck of the maximum thickness of five inches, and her structural strength will be very great. Her engines will indicate 12,000-horse power, giving her a speed of nearly twenty-two miles an hour; while she should, with full bunkers, be capable of steaming 10,000 knots, or nearly as far as from England to Australia round the Cape. Her armament consists of one 9-in. 22-ton gun, one of the most trustworthy pieces of ordnance in the Navy, ten 6-in. 10-pounders, sixteen 6-pounders, and three 3-pounders, all the last-named descriptions being quick-firing guns. The Royal Arthur is intended for commerce protection, and any would-be marauder had better beware how she comes under her fire, for she can pour into an enemy's sides 42,000 lb. weight of projectiles every five minutes, or a heavier weight of metal than the last ship her Majesty saw launched could have thrown from both her broadsides put together. To conclude, the Royal Arthur will have a displacement of 7350 tons, she is 360 ft. long, with a beam of 60 ft. 8 in., and draws 23 ft. 9 in. of water, while the accommodation for her ship's company is declared by experts to be excellent in every way.

## "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."\*

BY HALL CAINE.

Not to speak in paradox, I find many ideas in Sir Edwin Arnold's book, but no Idea; many thoughts finely expressed, many scenes beautifully described, much colour that is various and brilliant, and an atmosphere that is fresh and stimulating, but no fundamental conception, no central aim. As I turn page after page, seeing much to admire, I ask myself, Wherefore? And when I have finished the book, feeling grateful for a theme that lifts me above common things, I still ask myself, Why? Such obstinate questionings would be unreasonable tests in the case of an ordinary work on an ordinary subject. That a book inspires admiration and gratitude are usually sufficient reasons for its existence. Not so in this instance. The subject is alone of its kind. Its central figure is the incarnation of our faith. His story is told already. It is told with vivid truth and matchless power. No imagination can heighten it, no tongue can exalt it. Then, why tell it over again? The reasons for so doing can be few, but they may be sufficient. If any man has a new word to say on the mission of the Prophet of Galilee, he may by all means let us hear it. If he has found a fresh interpretation of the character of Jesus, it has become his duty to expound it. If, out of the mine of the four Gospels, he has delved the ore which he considers essential, he may load his own rift with it. Any one, or all of these, would constitute a sufficient reason for telling afresh the story of the Man of Nazareth. I can think of none other. Which of them is the sum of Sir Edwin Arnold's intention? I reluctantly and humbly confess that I do not know.

Sir Edwin would be the last to affirm that he has anything new to say about the mission of Jesus. What he gives us is a very simple thing. It is the Gospel of John without its doctrine of the redemption. I do not see whom this is to satisfy—what sect, what cult, what individual thinker. It retains the element of the miraculous in the man, but takes it out of the mission. I try in vain to recognise the logic in the poet's theology. Jesus of Nazareth was miraculously born; he lived and wrought miraculously, died miraculously, and rose miraculously from the dead. Yet his mission was merely to go through the world doing good, and to interpret the law afresh. Both man and mission are conceivable, but only when considered separately. As an effort of reason and imagination, I can think of such a man with another mission, and of such a mission with another man: but such a man with such a mission is an irrational creation, a wasted organism, a mountain falling on a molehill. He is unthinkable. I see no place for him in any world of gods or men.

As little will the poet claim to have given a new reading of the character of Jesus. Indeed, he shrinks from the cardinal question of the divinity or humanity, or both. Nevertheless, the author has no choice which way lie his convictions as a thinker, and his sympathies as a poet. Jesus is a supernatural being. Not content with revealing this by the miracles recorded in the Gospels, Sir Edwin is so brave as to garnish his great figure with the garments of the Apocrypha. Sorry rags and tatters they all are, in my judgment; poor, worthless, tawdry finery, woven by unimaginative monks in the early centuries of the Church. I should have thought they must have made ludicrous the great being whom they were meant to honour. But the poet has no fear of them, and puts them into the hands of Mary Magdalene. Then, the portrait of Jesus is the familiar one. It is that of the mild-eyed Galilean, the meek and lowly creature, the patient and gentle teacher. Here and there, it is true, the very force and passion of the story sweeps all such characterisation away, and then the poet is fain to allow that as well as meekness there was anger, and besides tenderness there was strength. That this consciousness did not come more frequently to a strong imaginative writer is perplexing to me. The letter of Lentulus must not hold us in thrall for ever. We know more of Jesus of Nazareth than was known to nine tenths—nay, to ninety-nine hundredths—of the men and women who looked on his living face. And if there is one thing we know better than another it is this: that he who shamed the hypocrites when they dragged the guilty woman to his feet, and denounced the Pharisees to their faces, and drove the traders from the Temple was no "gentle Jesus, meek and mild," but a man of mighty passions and great wrathful soul, as well as of surpassing tenderness. But Sir Edwin is content with the picture as it comes down to us, of the sweet creature of the soft eyes and of the wavy hair of the colour of the sun, parted equally on his smooth forehead in the manner of the Nazarenes.

In like fashion Sir Edwin bravely offers us, without a word of explanation, the conventional portrait of Mary Magdalene. She was the woman of the city, and the woman who was a sinner; she was Mary, living in Bethany; her brother was Lazarus, who rose from the dead; her sister was Martha, who complained of being cumbered with much serving; yet she was also the Lady Miriam of Magdala, who entertained the remorseful Pilate, and discussed with the wise man of the east the manifestations of the spiritual kingdom at a time when she must surely have been waiting for the coming of the temporal one. All which doctrine, less the impossibilities of Mary's social rank and religious hopes, though I do most potently believe it, notwithstanding the supernatural wisdom

of some modern writers, yet I hold it not honesty to have it so set down.

Neither do I think that Sir Edwin will claim to have sifted the Gospels of their richest ore, that he might put it into his single rift. Certainly he has told afresh the most essential of the Gospel stories. He has told them with reverent care and truthfulness. But, not to say it harshly, I try in vain to see why he has told them at all. If he had meant to invade the great silences of Scripture with echoes of a harmony hitherto unheard—if he had sought to illumine the truth in dark places by the light of love and worship—I could have followed him and sat at his feet. I see no such purposes. What I recognise is an earnest and able effort to translate the simple language of the Gospel narratives into the more monumental and less natural diction of English verse. I see no gain when the work is done. May I add that, notwithstanding Sir Edwin Arnold's very real and high gifts, I am even conscious of some loss? Let me appeal to the poet to compare his metrical version of the incident of the woman who was a sinner in the house of Simon the Pharisee with the simple, forcible, direct, and satisfying story in the Gospel. Or, if that is an ineffectual illustration, let him take the parable of the Prodigal Son; or, again, the miracle of the raising of Lazarus (wrongly placed before the great entrance to Jerusalem); or, once more, that noblest of all apostrophes, the lament over Jerusalem before the flight into Jericho: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Does it mend the big stride of great language like this to change it into forms like these?—

As a hen clucks her chickens to her wings.

One shrinks from such comparisons. It is so easy to deal with them unfairly. Also, it is so hard to say how far long familiarity with the Bible version puts us out of the right attitude of sympathy with any other version whatever. But this fact ought of itself to act as a warning to the poet, crying, "Hands off!" whosoever the hands may be, and whatsoever the skill that lies in them.

If, then, the intention of the poet is neither to expound the mission of Jesus anew, nor to delineate his character afresh, nor to describe the Gospel scenes more vividly, what is it? After some effort to place myself abreast of the poet's intention, I light on a possible explanation. It is that of propounding the kinship of Christianity and Buddhism. Only to this end surely is the story of Jesus told by Mary Magdalene to the Indian Magus. That Mary may recite the doctrines of Jesus as given in the Sermon on the Mount, that the Indian may recognise the affinity between the gospel of Galilee and the gospel of the Ganges, that through the eyes of these two we who are Christians may see Buddha as we see Christ, this, surely, must be the poet's aim, if he has one. But, if it is this, it is a shot fired in the wrong direction. "The Light of the World" ought to have been written in Sanskrit or Arabic. It is a poem for India, not for England, just as "The Light of Asia" was a poem for England, not for India, and the "Pearls of the Faith" were poems for Europe, not for Arabia. We have got our Bible, and do not need "The Light of the World." Arabia had its Koran, and did not need the "Pearls of the Faith." To break down by the story of Jesus the unbelief of Buddhists in the doctrines of Christianity would have been a possible aim. To break down by the story of Mahomet the unbelief of Christians in the doctrines of Islam was a rational intention. But to preach Buddha through the lips of Jesus to the followers of Jesus is neither the one nor the other.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has attained to so great a success with "A Window in Thrums" and "When a Man's Single," is about to republish, through Messrs. Sonnenschein, his first book, "Better Dead." Those of us who know what is generally implied when a successful writer is beguiled into the reissue of his early work will be inclined to fear that the title of the resuscitated volume may be its truest criticism.

It is not easy to congratulate Mr. Percy Hulburd, whose name is not familiar to us, on his collection of English love-lyrics for the Canterbury Poets series. Mr. Hulburd's introduction is sad stuff; and his selection is not much better. Four poems of Shakespeare to seven of Lord Lansdowne is queer measure. Nor can we say much of the examples of minor and greater poets. Sir Thomas Wyatt, for instance, is charming, and his "Lover's Appeal" is exquisite poetry; but it does not appear here. Burns's "Mary Morison" and "Highland Mary" are not included; but we have instead an inferior "Song" and "Delia," which is only second-rate. Also, Mr. Hulburd has heard of Byron as a love-poet, but apparently not of Shelley, of whom he does not give a single specimen, though the author of "Love's Philosophy" falls within the period. Finally, if Shakespeare stole "Take, oh take those lips away!" from Beaumont and Fletcher, we were not aware of the theft.

If M. Sardou will consent to make a few modifications in "Thermidor" it is possible that the Comédie Française may produce this much-discussed drama again after Easter. But up to the present Sardou has stood out, and refuses to retouch his work. He is already engaged on a new play, of which the *motif*, suggested by Sarah Bernhardt as a farewell gift, is still a secret, but the period dealt with will be that of the Italian Renaissance, and the scene laid in a Florentine palace. Sardou, unlike other French playwrights, intensely dislikes talking of unachieved work, and would, if he could, bind down those who interpret his plays to allow nothing to be known till the final lever de rideau.

Did Talleyrand write his own memoirs? The Duc de Broglie, to whom falls the responsibility of this rather late publication, says that he undoubtedly wrote and composed every word of them himself. But irreverent *littérateurs* have been hinting otherwise, and quote the formidable Chateaubriand as a witness. In the "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe" occurs the following significant passage—"Totally incapable of writing properly a single sentence, M. de T. always had someone working under him: after his secretary had with some difficulty thrown his ideas into shape, he would copy out the passage with his own hand." Certain it is that Talleyrand had a chronic dislike to acting straightforwardly. Apropos of his having allowed a priest to attend his deathbed, a witty *grand dame* pithily exclaimed: "Monsieur de Talleyrand après avoir roulé [*sic*—"taken in"] tout le monde, essaye maintenant de rouler le bon Dieu!"

A third edition of Mr. W. E. Henley's poems is almost ready. This time there will be no additions to the volume, as Mr. Henley is reserving his later verses for a new collection, which is to be published in the near future. Not many poets, nowadays, can boast of three editions in as many years. Mr. Henley's work, however, is well worthy of its success.

\* *The Light of the World.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. Longmans



VERULAMIUM.

The river Ver, in flowing south to join the Colne, and eventually the Thames, winds through a pleasant Hertfordshire valley. On the northern ridge spreads the city of St. Albans, dominated by the venerable abbey, which is dedicated to Britain's protomartyr. Upon the southern slope of this valley, and reaching from the crest, called the Verulam Hills, down to the river, lie the ruins of the first Roman city founded in Britain, of such importance that it shared with York in the dignity of a "Municipium." The natives of these two cities, alone in Britain, could say with St. Paul, "I was free born," and claim the rights and privileges of citizenship all

Verulamium was a blackened mass of ruins. But the triumph of the rebellion was brief. With a perfectly disciplined force Suetonius Paulinus overcame the victorious Queen. With her death by poison, and the complete dispersion of her army, ended the first and last endeavour to shake off the Roman yoke.

The Roman city of Verulamium arose again more stately than before. Centuries of magnificent imperialism passed over the land. Christianity was introduced, and shared here, with other parts of the empire, in the smiles or frowns of the rulers of Rome. During the fierce Diocletian persecution the first British martyr was St. Alban. A few years afterwards the Christian faith was again triumphant; and a church was



Verulam, 4488 ft. The width of Pompeii is 2400 ft.; of Verulam, 2541 ft. The area of the former is 167 acres, and of the latter, 190 acres. If the plan of one city is applied to the other, they almost exactly coincide in shape. It seems as if the municipal authorities of our British town had taken the Campanian city as their model. So in the streets a similar agreement seems to exist both as to position and width. In both cases they run at similar angles along the axes of the ellipses, and are from 24 ft. to 27 ft. in width. Verulam, however, has the advantage of the greatest regularity, being built evidently on one formal plan, as the American new cities are nowadays. The theatre at Verulam not only occupies the same relative position, but is, singularly enough, nearly the same size as its model, being 193 ft. 3 in. in diameter, against 195 ft. approximately in Pompeii. The distance from the stage to the back is the same in both cases. The stage in the Italian theatre is, however, much wider than in ours; so is the proscenium. Both theatres appear to have been richly adorned with frescoes and marbles; at Verulam, slabs of the latter material thirteen sixteenths of an inch thick are found. In Pompeii, a smaller theatre exists close to the larger one; in Verulam, foundations have been struck which are strongly suspected to have belonged to another theatre. Unfortunately, these interesting relics of dramatic art cannot be seen; the theatre described above was excavated some forty years since, and, after the dimensions were taken, the earth was carefully replaced. Most of the roads were laid bare in places in 1869, and again covered up. They have an average of about three feet of soil upon them. The portion marked as the forum in the plan is speculative, as the earth has not been removed. The ground here is pasture-land, and the writer, by careful probing in many places, has ascertained that a continuous solid pavement of red Roman tiles lies at an average depth of sixteen inches only from the surface. The position of the amphitheatre has not yet been ascertained. The streets of Verulamium seem to have been composed of gravel metalling; on the top of this may be seen a quantity of oyster and mussel shells, which are always found in Roman towns; on the top comes a debris of burnt wood, the charred remains of the fallen rafters; then fallen walls and roofing tiles with the rolls. Large quantities of the fresco painting of the apartments are seen when excavations are taking place. The *intonaco*, or thin finishing coat of plaster, is very perfect: it is generally of a cream or white

ANCIENT VERULAMIUM.



over the Roman Empire. Here, where now the kine stand patiently lowing, rose the stately colonnades of the Forum; by yonder gate stood the frescoed Greek Theatre, the only one of its kind as yet discovered in Britain. Let us enter this churchyard. We see the massive foundations of the Temple of Apollo, before whose Pagan altars, in A.D. 303, the Christian Roman soldier Albanus the Martyr refused to offer incense to the gods. He was led forth to the summit of a hill, outside the walls, and there, on the spot where now stands St. Alban's Abbey, laid down his life for the sacred cause of truth. But of the temple, forum, basilica, and many Roman villas not one stone now remains upon another. Fifteen centuries have sufficed to efface the city of Verulamium; only the massive encircling walls have withstood destructive time.

Let us now take a retrospective glance at the successive

built in the reign of Constantine on the site of the present Abbey. The ruins of this edifice were standing in Bede's time (A.D. 673 to 735), and in that of Offa, King of Mercia, the founder of St. Alban's Monastery (A.D. 755 to 794).

At the time of the Pelagian heresy, A.D. 401, Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, came to Britain for the purpose of suppressing the heresy. He assisted in a synod held at Verulamium. A chapel was erected in honour of Germanus, the ruins of which were in existence in 1700, and gave its name to St. German's Farm, including a great part of the site of Verulam.

At length, in A.D. 410, the Roman soldiers were called away to defend the heart of the empire. Their departure was the signal for the barbarian Picts and Scots to invade the British provinces. The Irish pirates followed. The Saxons and the Danes came after those ruthless marauders. The fair city of Verulamium was marked out for their prey. Though temporarily driven out of it by Uther Pendragon, they soon returned in overwhelming numbers. Verulamium was then again destroyed, and for many hundred years presented a mere mass of ruins, blackened by fire. The superstitious Saxon swineherd feared at night to tread its desolate site; the wolf crept warily across the moonlit forum. The underground hypocausts formed a safe refuge for the rabbit, the fox, and the wild boar—perhaps, also, for robbers, who infested the forest. At last the Abbots of St. Alban's Monastery, preparing to erect a church, cleared some part of the site of the ancient Roman city, and removed large quantities of building materials. From that period until the present time Verulamium has served as a quarry for repeated appropriations, losing immense stores of relics of antiquarian interest—Roman coins, statues of gold and silver, vessels, marble pillars, cornices, and other specimens of ancient art.

The city walls still exist in large and continuous masses. They appear to be about 12 ft. in thickness; they are composed of layers of large flints embedded in very strong mortar of lime, small gravel, and coarse sand, and interspersed with rows of large Roman tiles. These measure about 16 in. long by 13 in. broad, and less than 2 in. thick; they are bound together so adhesively that it is almost impossible to take one away from the wall without breaking it.

The general plan of the city is oval, the major axis being formed by the Watling Street, the great military road from Dover to the north-west, and the minor axis by the famous Camlet Way, the two intersecting, as may be seen by the plan, near St. Michael's Church. It is a remarkable coincidence that Verulam and Pompeii resemble each other in a marvellous degree as regards shape, dimensions, arrangement of streets and position of buildings. The length of Pompeii is 4300 ft.; of

MODERN VERULAMIUM.



cras which have left their marks upon this interesting site. From the most remote times the ancient Britons had a strong fortress here. Their coins, minted in the place, have been discovered in the soil. One ruler, Cunobelin, is familiar to us as Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," and a large number of his coins in gold and silver have been unearthed. This place was perhaps inhabited by the Cassi, whose name is preserved in that of Cassiobury. The defences probably consisted of palisades and stakes, rendered more effectual by the broad and deep ditch which still encircles two thirds of the site. The remaining or north side was protected by an impassable morass, formed by the unconfined waters of the river Ver. The Britons lived here, in their rude wattled huts, some generations before Roman trumpets were heard in the neighbouring forest. Julius Cæsar himself had forced his passage, at the head of his legions, to a stronghold, as he says in his Commentaries, "silvis paludibusque munitum." Cassivelaunus and his brave warriors in vain defended the land against the invaders; discipline and skill prevailed, Verulamium lay at the conqueror's mercy. The Romans soon afterwards marched back to the sea-coast, and returned to Gaul.

During nearly a century the Britons were left in peace; but in A.D. 43 the Romans were again in Britain; Prince after Prince was defeated, and made submission, Verulamium was delivered to the conquerors, and then, as by a magician's wand, a new city arose, in which were long straight streets of Roman houses. A massive wall, with towers and gates, was built around it upon the existing vallum; the fosse was deepened, and in one place doubled. On the northern side the morass was changed into a lake by a formidable dam across the river valley. In the age of Constantine, perhaps, boats here ferried over crowds of gay citizens, intent on pleasure or business, while Roman youths, perched on the walls, caught fish with net or hook. The frescoed villa arose where the rude hut formerly stood. There were temples erected to new gods. The forum, the basilica, and the law-courts were filled with the citizens, slaves, clients, imperial officials, and tax-gatherers. The burnished helmets of the legionaries glittered around the eagles of Rome; the grim centurion's voice told of stern and unbending discipline and order. The droves of oxen and sheep for sacrifice approached the temples. Roman power awed and subdued the simple islanders of Britain. They bore their servitude; but when the tidings came of cruelty and outrage, the tribes rose as one man. In A.D. 60 Queen Boadicea, of the Iceni, "smarting from the Roman rods," swooped down upon Verulamium with thousands of infuriated Britons. The Roman garrison made but a feeble defence; fierce assailants swarmed over the walls, and thousands of the inhabitants were slain; not a Roman man, woman, or child was left alive. The torch was applied to the buildings, and



tone, with brown, red, and blue stripes, as in Pompeii, and sometimes painted with flowers. In the field where the theatre stands, which is still called the Black grounds—probably from the quantity of burnt wood and blackened stones found there—the plough frequently brings up a quantity of tessellæ, chiefly red or white, showing the pavements are very near the surface.

British coins found in Verulamium, as might have been anticipated, are rare, but a most surprising number of Roman coins are found every year, those of Constantine greatly predominating. Many valuable "finds" have taken place in late years of cinerary urns, lamps, vases, glass bottles, &c., which have found their way into public and private museums.

The number of visitors to this historical site is increasing yearly. From London it can be reached in a little over half an hour by an excellent service of trains. Our Illustrations, with this commentary, may attract some more visitors to the place.

C. H. A.



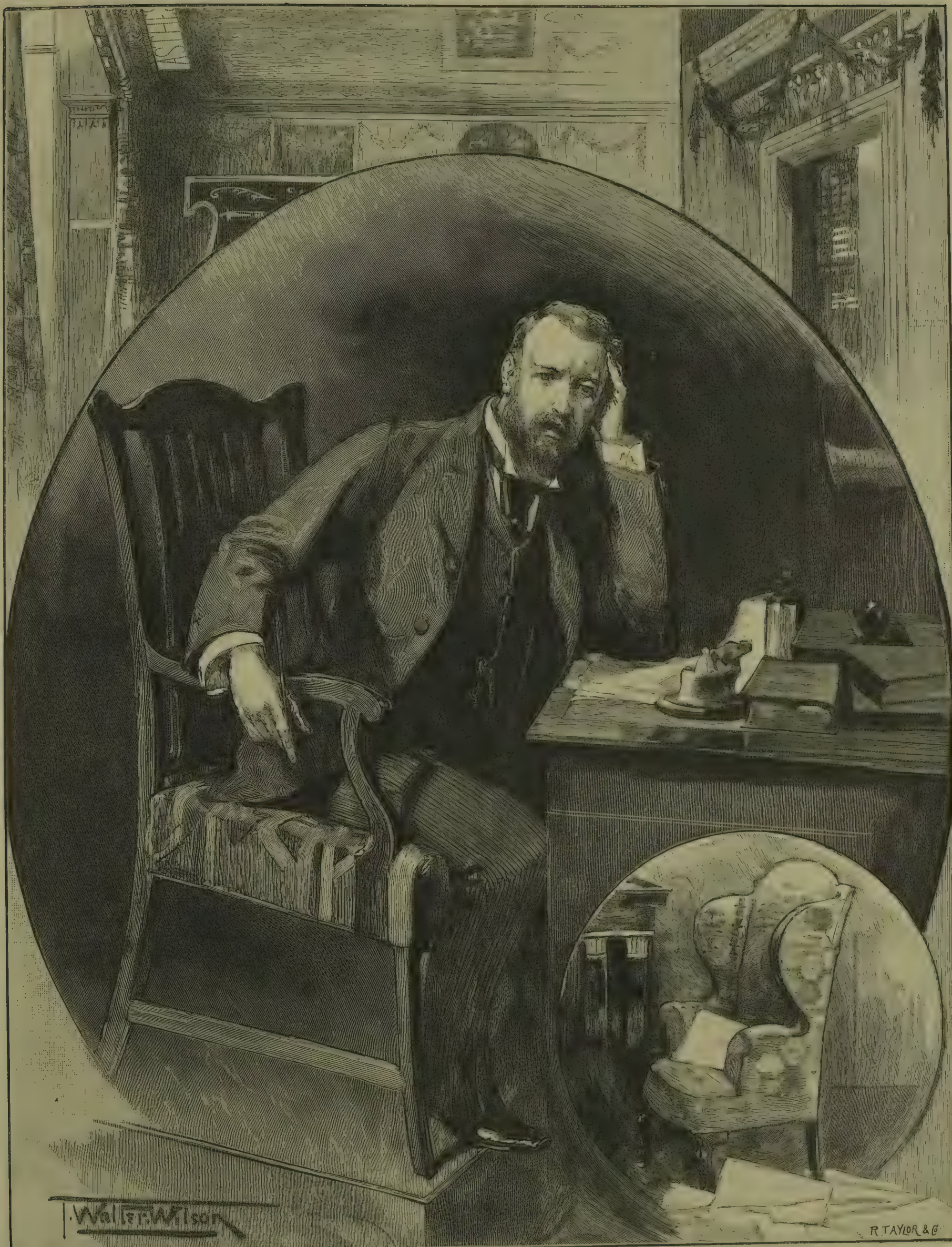


SCENE FROM "THE IDLER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



SCENE FROM "LADY BARTER," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.





MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, DRAMATIC AUTHOR.



## MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES AT TOWNSHEND HOUSE.

Some years ago, in a moment of quite charming candour, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones confided to an irrepressible interviewer his opinion that one of the secrets of success as a playwright is unsleeping care in watching the drift of the public taste and in turning it to his account. That Mr. Jones has carried his theory into practice may fairly be assumed, despite his later assertions that as long as theatrical success is doomed to partake in some measure of the nature of a public craze, and is fanned and fostered by such means as keep alive public interest and excitement in ignoble events and catastrophes of the passing hour, so long must the drama forfeit and forget its natural dignity as an art, and descend to brawl and shout in the market-place among its brother-vendors of quackery and its brother-exhibitors of monstrosity; and, further, that what an author who respects himself and his art should desire is not the chance of scrambling in the gutter for a prize of ten thousand pounds, but the assurance that his honest work shall be fairly valued and shall bring him honest bread and cheese. Mr. Jones has not brawled or shouted, but he has made something very much more than bread and cheese by his efforts in bringing the yeoman sturdiness and the rustic witticisms of Buckinghamshire into the playhouses of London.

The secret of Mr. Jones's popularity is not far to seek. In the complex conditions, dominated by perpetual haste, which go to make up life as it is understood in this final decade of the nineteenth century, there must always be a considerable number of people who have no time to think. These are quite willing to pay someone else to do their thinking for them, and present the result to them in the form of an easily acquired object-lesson. There are some who would consider it bad form to be in earnest about anything, but who rather like to recognise earnestness in other people. Others, again, may be upon rather free-and-easy terms with the Decalogue, and yet perfectly capable of enjoying that pleasant sense of virtue by proxy which can be secured by the purchase of a half-guinea stall at the theatre. To all these the plays of Mr. Jones make a distinct appeal. In brief, whether a man produce patent pills or purposeful plays, he must "supply a want" if he is to succeed, and it cannot be denied that Mr. Jones supplies a want in the playgoing world.

There is no conspicuous amount of "sweetness" in Mr. Jones's dramas, nor is there an absolute flood of light, but there are passion and power, a good deal of earnestness, some morality of excellent quality occasionally arrived at by somewhat devious paths, a certain insight into human nature, a tincture of humour, and a keen sense of dramatic effect. Mr. Jones's situations may not always be audaciously original or even intrinsically strong, but he lures you on towards them with more than the diplomacy of a Perkin Middlewick, so that when at last they burst upon your sight you find yourself mutely and mentally emulating the prolonged "O-oh!" which invariably greets the familiar initial rocket upon a fire-work night at the Crystal Palace. And it is just possible that, like that rocket, Mr. Jones's dramatic pyrotechnics gain something in brilliancy by contrast with their surroundings. With certain notable exceptions the condition of the dramatic literature of to-day is sufficiently gloomy. Little coruscating, evanescent catharine-wheels of burlesque, the baleful and malodorous flickerings of "adaptations from the French," the multicoloured buffoonery and suggestiveness of *opéra-bouffe* farcical comedy, are to be found in abundance, but these are no light—only darkness visible, so that Mr. Jones's steadily burning luminary gains by comparison. Mr. Jones, too, is in touch with the times—hence a great deal of his success. But apart from that he is interesting for himself, his work, and his home, which was formerly that of Mr. Alma Tadema.

Townshend House, the quondam home of the painter of "The Roses of Heliogabalus," and the present abiding-place of the author of "The Middleman," "Judah," and "The Dancing Girl," is very pleasantly placed, overlooking the northern side of Regent's Park. Externally, the house differs in no material point from its neighbours; but scarcely is the door passed than the first note of interest is struck by the appearance of Mr. Jones himself, as he comes forward and welcomes his visitor with the unaffected cordiality which is characteristic of him.

A few steps up a picture-lined staircase, and the room in which the greater part of Mr. Jones's life is spent is reached. The study at Townshend House is Mr. Alma Tadema's old studio, and the artist has left a dainty record of his tenancy upon floor and walls and ceiling. In the parquet flooring the monogram A. T. is conspicuous between the Eastern rugs with which the place is strewn; the walls and ceiling are richly decorated by the artist's own hand, a vigorous painting of the rising sun and the chariot of Phaëthon occupying the centre of the ceiling, while by the great window, which lets in a flood of light from the park, the artistic sentiment in Americanised orthography is to be read, "As the sun colors flowers, so Art colors life." The spirit of the former tenant of the room is carried out in the equipments with which the dramatist has supplied it, quaint old Chippendale chairs, with tapestried seats, a charming old Chippendale writing-table, placed upon a dwarf dais, where Mr. Jones sits and works, and a series of curious engravings by Albrecht Dürer, preserving the artistic feeling intact. A few more paces up the stairs reveal a number of peculiarly practical souvenirs of the playwright's career, in the form of many first-night playbills, recalling the original production of Mr. Jones's various pieces. Two, in particular, are curiously interesting: one is a bill of the very first play for which the now-popular dramatist secured a hearing, at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, on Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1878, the piece in question being called "It's Only Round the Corner"—a title subsequently altered to "Harmony"—in which Mr. Wybert Rousby appeared as one Michael Kinsman, a character described as "blind, the late organist of the parish church, dismissed for drunkenness." There is a foretaste of Mr. Jones's peculiar nomenclature and character-drawing about even this initial production which is significant. The other is one of the Theatre Royal, Belfast, Monday, Aug. 16, 1880, when, as members of Mr. William Duck's Comedy Company, Mr. E. S. Willard appeared as Phil Raikes, a middle-aged *roué*, and Miss Emily Waters—the lady destined, in due course, to become Mrs. E. S. Willard—as Mrs. Beaumont, in Mr. Jones's piece "Elopement."

Mr. Jones is country-born—Buckinghamshire to the backbone. Son of a farmer and a farmer's daughter, saturated in childhood with all the sturdy straightforward homeliness of country life, and surrounded by a rich variety of types alike of rural virtues, bucolic simplicity, and village narrow-mindedness, his own character strengthened in the wholesome country air, while his natural shrewdness enabled him to appreciate the pettiness and bigotry which often underlay the worthier characteristics of his neighbours. Bred up in the rigid tenets of Nonconformity, his nature imbibed a certain earnestness and sincerity which have never left it, while his acuteness enabled him to detect and satirise the narrowness so prevalent in small communities. This Buckinghamshire life is at the bottom of the secret of his success in placing

scenes of country life and types of rustic character upon the stage with so much convincing accuracy of detail, and he has shown his discretion in studiously confining himself to subjects, people, and places of which he knows something personally. With the single exception of his collaboration with Mr. Herman in "Breaking a Butterfly"—an adaptation of Ibsen's "Nora"—all Mr. Jones's plays are purely English, and all his *dramatis personæ* English character-studies.

Mr. Jones's love of English character and life began with his earliest days, and it is interesting to recall the personal story of the dramatist for the sake of the side lights which it throws upon his work.

He was born on Sept. 20, 1851, at Granborough, a little village in Bucks, and his early life was passed in the quiet country town of Winslow, where both the place and the people were as delightfully old-fashioned as heart could desire. Mr. Jones received his education at a middle-class school in his native place, and at twelve years old was sent out into the world to make his own way. Very soon afterwards, essays, tales, and poems found their way to various publishers, one and all of whom turned a deaf ear to the voice of the precocious young writer. His first serious effort took the form of a three-volume novel, which had occupied the whole of his spare time for three years. At last it too was sent to the publishers; but once again the result was rejection and disappointment, mitigated by the mildly encouraging opinion that it was a passable third-class story. But the eternal law of compensation was at work, and, although the novel was never published in its original form, a considerable portion of it was eventually utilised in "The Silver King."

At the impressionable age of eighteen Mr. Jones visited a theatre for the first time. It was the Haymarket, and Miss Bateman was playing "Leah." From that moment he was stage-struck, and an era of playgoing and playwrighting began. Then came years of plodding effort and of persistent disappointment; but at length Mr. Rousby produced "It's Only Round the Corner," and gave the author his first taste of publicity.

In the summer of 1879 Mr. Jones sent the manuscript of a little piece, entitled "A Clerical Error," to Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. It had been the round of London, only to be persistently declined; but almost immediately after its dispatch to Leeds came an intimation from Mr. Barrett to the effect that he had taken the Court Theatre in Sloane-square, and would produce the piece there during the approaching season. It was in 1882, however, that Mr. Jones became famous as a dramatist. In November of that year "The Silver King" was produced at the Princess's by Mr. Wilson Barrett, with what result all the world now knows. "Breaking a Butterfly," founded on Ibsen's "Doll's House," was produced in 1884, and "Chatterton" in the same year, and in September of the following year Mr. Jones produced "Saints and Sinners," the first of those studies of modern English life which are his own particular and distinctive province. His next really important production was "Wealth," which was brought out at the Haymarket in April 1888, Mr. Beerbohm Tree playing the leading character of Matthew Ruddock. This piece was a comparative failure on the first night, but subsequently it proved not only an artistic but also a pecuniary success. "The Middleman" followed at the Shaftesbury Theatre in the following August, and achieved an immediate success, and has since been adapted and produced in all the leading towns on the Continent. This was followed by "Judah," a play of still more daring unconventionality, which was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre in May last year, and was an unqualified success. "The Dancing Girl," Mr. Jones's last work, was produced at the Haymarket in January of the present year, Mr. Beerbohm Tree playing the leading character of the Duke of Guisebury, and is still drawing enormous houses. All Mr. Jones's recent plays are dramatic studies of the English life of to-day. His feeling is that, in order to revive a school of national English drama, it is essential that the stage be brought into touch with the social problems of the day, and with the modern tendencies of English thought and character, and he considers it the duty of the dramatist to depict those phases of life and character, but not to pose as a pamphleteer or advocate, or to take sides in any social, religious, or controversial question. He now writes no plays to order, as he conceives that such a plan must impose limitations not altogether conducive to the production of a man's best work. Neither "Judah" nor "The Dancing Girl" was written with any particular actor or management in view. None the less, Mr. Jones has been singularly fortunate in the creation of his characters by such actors as those with whom his work has been associated.

Mr. Jones's home life and method of work are simple to the last degree and inextricably interwoven. The study claims the lion's share of him always, he entertains but moderately, although he has innumerable friends in literary, dramatic, and artistic circles; he does not paint or play, but walks a little, rides a good deal, and is an unfailing "first-nighter." For the rest, his habits are simple and subject to the control of his "moods," for when he is in the writing vein other matters have to give way. As a rule, about six months are devoted to the production of a new play, and it is written, usually, between six and nine in the evening, although "The Dancing Girl" was commenced at daybreak, during a visit to Eastbourne, and the best parts of "The Silver King" were written in the small hours of the morning.

Mr. Jones is a genuine enthusiast for the drama, and, like most successful men, not half as pessimistic as he was. He prides himself upon his fidelity to nature, but rejects the epithet "realist," and declares that there is no such thing as "realism" on the stage, and he regards the drama not as an idle amusement for a vacant hour, but as a serious and noble art, which has for its end the portrayal of all the varying passions of the human heart and all the chances and changes of life.

The Court of Session has been sitting at Edinburgh to hear valuation appeals, one of which was made by Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, who considers that £170 is too high a valuation for her house and grounds. Mrs. Maxwell Scott succeeded in reducing the valuation to £85, and she must think herself very fortunate, inasmuch as Abbotsford lets at £200 a year, and at least £400 a year is received in fees from visitors.

Despite the cold water thrown upon the movement for imperial and fiscal unity in Parliament of late, the Canadian Imperial Federationists are urging as vigorously as ever the necessity for some measure of this kind. And the Canadian federationists are not entirely a *quantité négligeable* so far as the public opinion of the Dominion is concerned, for they have at their head the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, Sir Leonard Tilley, who is also an ex-federal Minister, and among their vice-presidents the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia, Manitoba, and British Columbia, and such well-known Canadians as Sir Donald Smith, Sir Adams Archibald, and Archbishop O'Brien.

## "OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

One who has read Mr. Smalley's Letters as they appeared on Wednesdays and Sundays in the *New York Tribune* will miss from these volumes\* some of the spice with which the original contributions were flavoured. Mr. Smalley has cut out most of the disagreeable things he, writing on daily topics, felt it his duty occasionally to say—and he is understood not to be devoid of ability to say, upon occasion, exceedingly disagreeable things. In the more permanent form his letters have happily found, these passages are struck out. The letter-writer presents himself in a mood of appreciative good humour with nearly everyone with whom he comes in contact. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.

The one exception, and that only partially made, is in the case of Mr. George Russell. Mr. Smalley plainly "can't abear" that person, as he calls him—a mental attitude not quite easy to understand. Mr. Russell is nobly born (his father was Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons), has some capacity, is of unassuming manner, and is at least a dabbler in London correspondence. But Mr. Smalley grows frigid at the recollection of him, and deals him many sly well-planted hits as he passes along.

Much may be forgiven to Mr. Russell, since he was accidentally and involuntarily the occasion of Mr. Smalley's writing a cluster of his most incisive and brilliant letters. To one of the monthly magazines Mr. Russell, profiting by occasional opportunities for study at the dinner-table and elsewhere, contributed a series of articles on "English Talk and Talkers." Upon these Mr. Smalley began to comment, and, led away by the attractiveness of the subject, he lapsed into writing a series of letters giving his views of talkers whom he had met. The list is long and varied, indicating the area of the field of his personal observation. There is Lord Houghton, delighting to captivate, the poetic nature coming out in his talk; Hayward, arbitrary, caring more to conquer than to charm, "Houghton the greater favourite, Hayward the more feared"; Browning, a mine of knowledge, knows with minute accuracy the history of literature, of art, of music, knows by heart all the verse that has ever been written; Lord Granville, with a finish of manner more French than English, a turn of the phrase to the neatness of which but few of his countrymen attain; Lord Rosebery, with a wit dry, quiet, abounding in surprises, "with a saturnine sweetness of manner that amounts to charm"; Lord Randolph Churchill, who possesses the secret of the unexpected, rapid, sparkling, pointed, never at the end of his resources or of his epigrams or of his animation and high spirits; Sir William Harcourt, ready to meet all comers, his lance always in rest, "and no man excels him in retreat from a position that cannot be held"; Mr. Arthur Balfour, a man with many kinds of weapons in his armoury, a flashing humour, a kindly persuasiveness, a nervous polished diction, with, in reserve, not to be often brought out, a wit almost scornful in its touch and a power of deadly repartee; Mr. Chamberlain, sometimes thought more peremptory and more positive than need be, acute, ingenious, confident, "and capable of stratagem in private and in public."

Mr. Smalley has a good deal to say about Mr. Gladstone as a conversationalist, defending him against some curiously crude criticism Mr. George Russell has to offer on the interesting topic. Mr. Smalley sums up his little essay on Mr. Gladstone's conversation by a remark that leaves nothing else to be said: "There is," he writes, "but one word for such talk—the fascination of it is irresistible."

Nothing is more remarkable or more attractive in these volumes than the wide range of the subject treated. Mr. Smalley seems to have known every man prominent in public life during the last twenty years, and to have had the good fortune to be present at most memorable events within that period. Nor does he confine his attention to London. If anything striking is to the fore, whether in Paris, Berlin, or Edinburgh, he goes, looks on, and tells the fortunate people in New York all about it. He was through two Midlothian campaigns—the first and most memorable which presaged the downfall of Lord Beaconsfield's apparently impregnable Government, and again in 1884. He visits Dublin Castle, and throws a flood of kindly light on the Viceroyalty of Lord Aberdeen. He goes to the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace, to the Naval Review at Portsmouth, to the review in St. James's Park of the troops back from Egypt, to the opening of Parliament by the Queen, and is present at the great debate in the House of Commons which, on June 8, 1886, saw Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill thrown out—"Ayes to the right 311, Noes to the left 341." It is no easy thing for a stranger to go into the House of Commons on a given night and describe the scene with fulness and accuracy. This Mr. Smalley achieves with marvellous success. He seizes every point in the debate, every bit of colour in the picture, as if he had all his life breathed the air of the House of Commons.

Mr. Smalley has the great gift of being profoundly interested in the study of character, with the added power of conveying his impressions in brief and pointed sentences. His judgment of a public man is, as far as I have observed, never at fault. I do not know how many times he has seen and heard Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons—probably not more than two or three times. Yet he hits off his leading characteristic when he writes, "Mr. Chamberlain is best in the militant mood, in presence of a great audience half hostile." That is very true. Mr. Chamberlain is at his best in the House of Commons when, as now and then comes to pass in these later days, he fights with his back to the wall, with the Irish members interrupting him with angry howls from below the gangway, while his former friends and colleagues listen in chilling silence. Mr. Smalley shows his knowledge of both men when, speaking of the temporary alliance between Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, he writes: "Of real sympathy, outside of politics, there can be very little. They are two types, and no community of political conviction can make them one."

These letters present London Correspondence at its very highest standard. They are graphic, scholarly, original in their information, with unerring tact and skill, and skirt the borderland which separates the privacy of home life from the privilege of public comment. Mr. Smalley enjoys rare opportunities of seeing our public men sitting in side lights, and so delicate are the touches by which he transfers their portraiture to his canvas that none have reason to complain when they accidentally come upon them hanging on the walls of a public exhibition. To the historian or to the student of social and political life in London in these closing years of the century his work will be of inestimable value, supplying a series of portraits and pictures the merit of whose accuracy is rivalled only by the charm of style in the workmanship.

\* London Letters. By George W. Smalley. Two vols. Macmillan.



## IN AN IRON CITY.

Eight o'clock. In this northern city, as elsewhere, the greater business of the day is over. At half past five the great warehouses, factories, and offices closed, and the heads of them, the fortunate two thousand, stepping into cushioned broughams and first-class compartments, were whirled off to mansions in the far West-end and to country seats still farther away. Out west, too, in the houses of the grey university, the genial professors, after dinner, will be solacing themselves over a cigar with a little gossip of a literary sort or a glance at the pages of the last new review. And the others of the well-to-do are taking their pleasure, each after his own taste. Concert-rooms and theatres are packed with crowds more or less intellectually alive. In suburban drawing-rooms a little dancing is going on, though not always with much real *verve* or enjoyment. Here and there a student is poring over tomes of learning in the seclusion of his lodgings or his sanctum. And many a happy family party has gathered in the warm and brightly lit parlours of content—sons detailing the varied interests of the day, daughters regaling the time with music and song, while the mother chats over her work-basket, the father finishes his evening paper, and a little reading is done, or perhaps some congenial friend drops in.

But that is not all the city's life of an evening. Even in the favoured West-end pale young men are making themselves paler in the close, smoke-thickened atmosphere of music-halls, billiard-rooms, and bar-lounges. And in the narrow, high-built streets at the town's heart another picture is to be studied.

The folk in these quarters perforce seek their amusement out of doors. How could enjoyment be found in their squalid, one-room houses, where eye and mind can never free themselves from the most sordid details of existence? The least aspiring, the least high-souled—if soul can be mentioned at all amid such surroundings—must yearn to escape for an hour or two from enforced contemplation of cooking-pots and utensils of ablution. And so, men and women, they come down the dismal, meagre-lit courts, and out of the narrow, dingy entries, to meet and greet acquaintances in the street, perhaps to regale themselves in the evil-smelling eating-houses calling their selves restaurants, where "a plate of fried fish and potatoes" may be had for twopence. The little shop-windows flame with gas, displaying their poor wares; the pavements are crowded, and in their own fashion, a little rough and loud, the people take their recreation.

It would need the enthusiasm of an Alton Locke to see the elements of a hero in the watery-eyed, unshaven "unemployed" discoursing, in choice adjectives, regarding his wrongs to a couple of friends on the gutter's edge. Through the dismal windows of the low cellars calling themselves hair-cutting saloons various grisly specimens of mankind can be seen by the least curious eye under the operations of razor and scissors. And in the dirty "rope, rag, and metal stores" individuals with a flavour of Fagin and Bill Sikes about them are seen to lounge and smoke. Strephon and Chloe would blush to acknowledge counterparts in the harsh-voiced youths and damselfolk who "keep company" demonstratively at the close mouths, their disjointed remarks varied occasionally by an uncouth female laugh and a whistle or a double-shuffle done on the pavement by the masculine heels. Strangely incongruous circumstances surround the tender passion here! One marvels how any tenderness at all can survive amid the continual sordid struggle between means and ends.

Would it be supposed that yonder were a honeymoon couple eyeing with calculation the wares in the window of a cheap provision shop—sheep's feet, tea at 1½d. an ounce, and bacon at 3d. a pound? Would it be supposed that yonder other two going furtively into the dingy pawn-shop entry under the three balls had been a honeymoon couple only six weeks ago? Sad and tragic stories might be told by many of the articles to be seen in these pawn-shop windows. Heavy drop earrings are there which might be the last abandoned heirlooms of old respectability; gold lockets which once enshrined the features of some parent's face; and, saddest of all, wedding-rings which once were the token of fond and hopeful love. The trail of the pawnbroker has passed, sordid, over the associations of them all.

One wonders what may be the ideals which are developed amid such surroundings. Mental pabulum there is, of a kind,

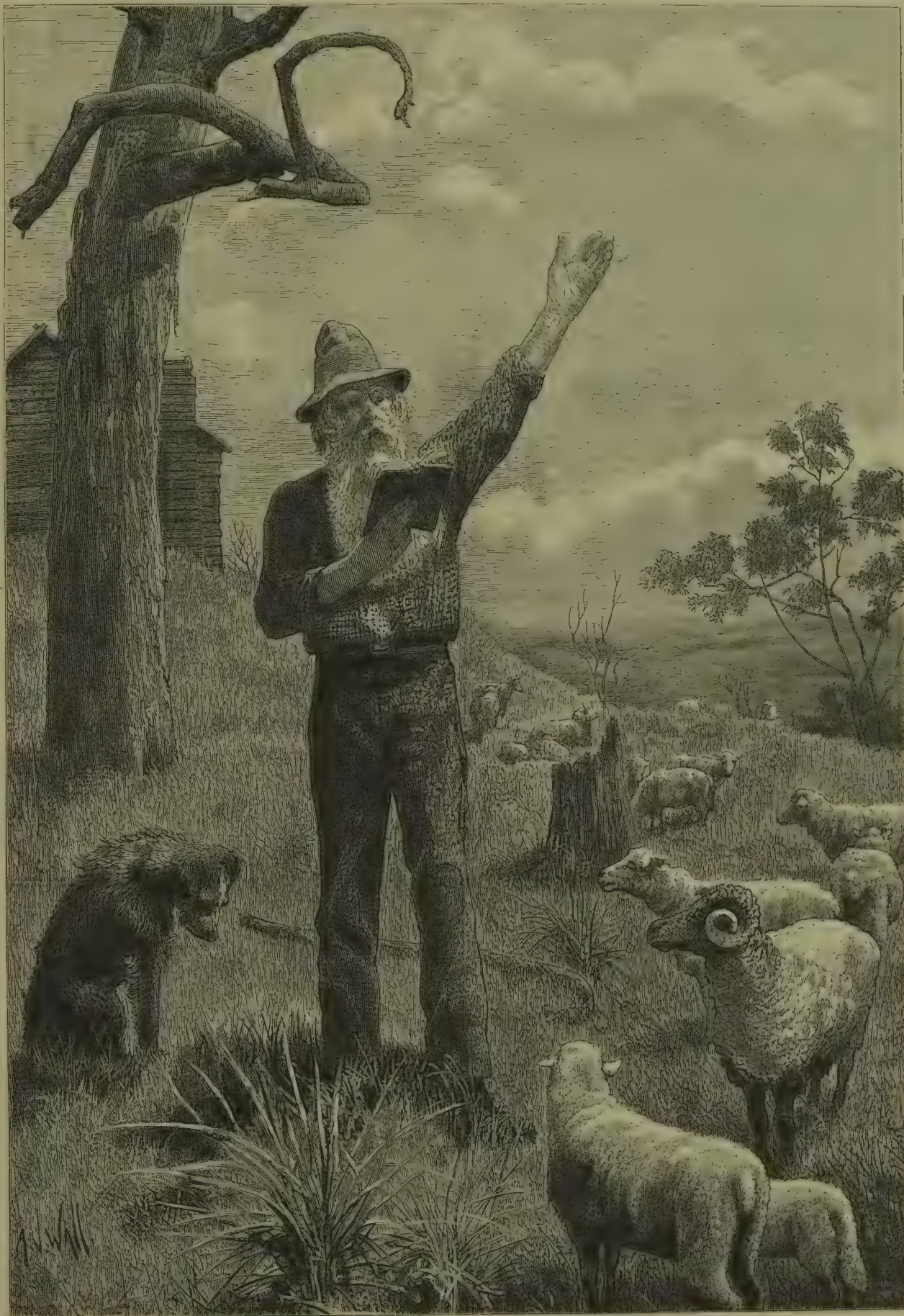
Here and there is a shop window in which, alongside of toy trumpets and tin penholders, literature is represented by such works as penny dream-books and fortune-tellers, the penny valentine-writer, and the "Reciter's Companion," as well as broadsheet ballads, villainously printed, of all varieties of sentiment, from "The Lea-rig" and "The Rose of Tralee" to "A Wee Drappie Mair" and "The Gas-work Man." By the more opulent, too, art of a dramatic sort may be enjoyed, and imagination thrillingly regaled on the stage of the penny theatre in a neighbouring court, where are enacted such powerful plays as "The Green Witch, or the Bloody Coronet" and "Buffalo Ben, the Prince of the Pistol." Strange must be the associations in after-days of the children who grow up amid these scenes. Their brightest visions are of the penny tin locomotives and sixpenny violins, and of the ominously brilliant sugar dolls and confections of all degrees of unwhole-

come belchings of red fire and streams of lurid smoke; electric lights here and there gleam weird and white in the darkness; a winding canal shines sullen and green in the dismal moonlight amid the murky gloom of the shadows; and up from the midst comes the hoarse, ceaseless pounding and panting of demoniac engine-blasts at work. Once and again down there a dark door opens, and amid the fierce glare of white-hot metal grimy, half-naked figures are seen hurrying to and fro like tormented spirits.

And these are human beings, and this is civilisation! One finds himself asking *Qui bono?* and whether this is what the world has lived and striven for.

And what have the toilers amid gas and smoke and flame given up to come to this—to labour night and day in the hot furnace face, and to snatch brief periods of grimy sleep in the sordid slums behind? Far out beyond the long

lines of yellow gas-lamps in the darkness the country roads run to the northern hills; and secure at this hour beyond these mountains, amid the silence and the sweet airs of the glens, among the scented hayricks and under pleasant roofs of thatch, the brethren of these furnace toilers slumber in health and peace. G. E. T.



I am shepherd to another man.—"As You Like It."

## SHAKESPEARE ON AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-RUN.

someness exposed in dismal little windows beside pale-yellow oranges and bottles of red pickles. One shrinks to ask what will be the path trod hereafter by the feet of the little men feasting their eyes upon the contents of these windows, what the fate of the little unkempt girls playing peever on the flags.

Three hours later, and the streets will be all but deserted. The population will have retired up close and court to the motley lodgings of the night. The city, however, will not then be all asleep. Step farther up the hill—up past the great infirmary, whose long lines of windows alight tell of the thousand beds within, where the broken victims of trade and steam lie tossing in weary pain—and something more may be seen.

The ill-paved road climbs steeply, lit here and there by a feeble gas-lamp which shows the dinginess of some dilapidated tenement blackened by sulphur fumes. On each side lie waste lands mostly, covered with dreary ash-heaps and strewn with broken rubbish. Once these were sylvan park-slopes where the cattle, red and white, browsed peacefully under the trees. But now, burnt like a volcano's edge by the biting gases, they are a desolation whereon no blade will grow. Through the chinks of the hoarding the surroundings can be made out—a strange and fearful sight: From black furnace-tops below

crown. His case was perhaps an exception to the rule. The half-crown was badly invested, and came to nothing, and so he had to seek fortune in another hemisphere—or perhaps he was born in affluence and reduced to poverty "through no fault of his own"—seen better days, as the phrase goes—and so was compelled to emigrate. Or perhaps he was himself a player in the days when the stage was less flourishing than it is now—never found his forte, and gradually drifted down to what we see him. Through it all he has preserved a volume of Shakspeare—the last relic of his civilised life—and now in his solitude his chief solace is to declaim to his flocks, and—

Translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Far away from the land of his birth he finds some compensation for the loss of friends and fortune in the inspired pages of Shakspeare—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Mr. G. P. Putnam, the publisher, tells some amusing details of his first acquaintance with "The Leavenworth Case." It was deposited at his office some years ago (a huge pile of manuscript written in pencil) by its young author, then Miss Anna Katharine Green, and her father. "I took some of it home with me," said Mr. Putnam, "and found it so exciting that I wished I had taken more, though I nearly ruined my eyesight over it!" Nevertheless, when the book appeared in public, it was literally a long story made short, for, by the publisher's advice and the author's good sense and perseverance, it had been reduced to just one third of its original bulk.

An original portrait of Christopher Columbus has been discovered at Como. Apart from the scarcity of authentic likenesses of the great navigator, this find possesses additional value, as it was painted by Del Piombo. The portrait was formerly regarded as an heirloom in the family, now extinct, of the Giovios, and was in the possession of the writer Paul Giovio, who refers to it in his works, and had it engraved. On the failure of the male branch of the Giovio family the portrait passed, two generations ago, to the De Orchi family, and is now in the possession of Dr. De Orchi of Como.

## SHAKESPEARE ON AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-RUN.

"Come, I say!" we fancy the gentle reader murmurs to himself when he looks upon this picture, "you must be hard up for subjects when you publish a thing like this. Whoever heard of Shakspeare on a sheep-farm at the Antipodes?"

And why not, good Sir? "All the world's a stage"—the picture is founded on fact. It is a sketch from nature—we don't know who the man was—perhaps he was one of the conventional poor boys who periodically come up to London to seek their fortunes, their only capital being the regulation half-



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Floral designs predominated in the beautiful brocades that were employed in most of the Court trains worn at the recent Drawingroom. Large clusters of flowers are more often seen in the new designs than are the running lines of tiny blossoms that have long been popular. Even in white brocades this holds good, large clusters of such flowers as chrysanthemums, magnolia, ox-eyed daisies, and conventionalised tulips, roses, and other big blossoms figuring in dull tones on a shining ground. Next to white, heliotrope, rose, and green were the colours most favoured. The unabated popularity of that pale violet in many delicate tones, all of which are described as "heliotrope," is due partly to the very fact that it is so various in shade, ranging from the pinkish tint known as "ophelia" to the almost purple called "pansy" heliotrope; and partly to the fact that it combines well with so many other colours.

For instance, a beautiful dress worn by a peeress no longer young was of "peach blossom" heliotrope, brocaded with silver conventionalised carnations. The train of that brocade fell from the shoulder, and was trimmed with shaded-grey feathers: the bodice and jupe were of silver-grey satin merveilleux almost concealed by drapings of old Brussels lace. In another of these Court gowns, heliotrope was combined with great success with green, the bodice and train being of apple-green velvet, lined with heliotrope and turned back with trimmings of great bunches of lilac and with apple-green and heliotrope chiffon bows; the petticoat was heliotrope faille, with a trail of lilac falling down one side, apparently tied on with a cluster of green and heliotrope chiffon. A bunch of lilac on one shoulder fixed the berthe of green chiffon in place on the velvet bodice. Yet another dress showed the equally successful combination of heliotrope and yellow, the train from both shoulders being of heliotrope bengaline, and the bodice and skirt of butter-yellow faille, with tablier and vest of net embroidered in gold, having countless little plaques dangling in the design at the foot, over a full gathered frill of the faille. A colour that so well combines with so many others is sure of lasting popularity, for the variety which can be produced with it is illimitable.

The petticoats were generally trimmed along the bottom edge this time, as is also the case with the new evening gowns. A trail of the material caught in here and there is sometimes used, or chiffon treated in the same way when that gauzy fabric is employed in the trimming; but a veritable and unmistakable foot-flounce is often put on. Lace especially was used at the Drawingroom for this purpose, and, in one case, a very original effect was produced by a double flouncing of paniers of lace. This dress was made with a train of golden-yellow brocade, patterned with tiger-lilies; the train was lined with white. A lace flounce was carried along the whole of one side of the train, which fell only from the waist. The bodice and skirt were of plain yellow bengaline, the bodice cut pointed over the hips, and having a full flounce of lace gathered on to it, from the front point round over the hips to the place where the train began. This panier flounce fell halfway to the knee, producing an effect like a Louis Quinze coat. A flounce of the same beautiful Duchess lace, about six inches deep, crossed the yellow bengaline petticoat just below the knee; and a second flounce formed a footing to the jupe. The peculiarity in this case was the double flounce: in many other gowns, lace, either festooned or plain, was carried across the foot of

the skirt. Evening dresses and Court gowns are always so much like each other in such details as this that the fact is worth noting.

Few mothers have received such posthumous fame as "the mother of the Wesleys." Her life was obscure—nay, it was wretched; but she was a remarkable woman. No one who knew her doubted that it was from her that the singular energy and ability of her sons was derived. But, like so many other able women, she spent herself wholly in and for her family, and would never have been heard of outside it but for the subsequent celebrity of that son of hers the centenary of whose death has just been commemorated. Mrs. Wesley was married more than a hundred years before her most famous son died, for her wedding took place in 1689. John was born only thirteen years later, and yet he was his luckless mother's sixteenth child! He was succeeded by three others. Mrs. Wesley had to meet the cares of this family on an absurdly small income. The living of the father was only worth about £130 a year; and his poor efforts at increasing the sum by adding the vocation of a farmer to that of a parson were frustrated not only by his London-bred incapacity for the work, but by the hatred of his Lincolnshire parishioners. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, however, wrote poetry, and would go off to London to beg subscribers to enable him to publish his poems, or to attend meetings at his own expense, when his family were almost starving, leaving all the practical business to be done by the wife.

The existence of Susanna Wesley has a record of nothing else but petty cares and menial labour. Nevertheless, those powerful, wise letters which she wrote to her sons as they grew up show that this unhappy woman had rare powers of thought and expression. She preached on occasion so well that the curate (to whom her husband owed money) wrote to request that Mr. Wesley would stop Mrs. Wesley's kitchen services, because more people went there than went to hear the curate at the church. Poor Mrs. Wesley urged that families were attending on her ministrations who had not been to church for years, and that great practical results were following, therefore she could not in conscience stop her work without her husband's express and absolute command; but that command came at once. If Mrs. Wesley had lived to-day, her career would doubtless have been different. But then, perhaps, the founder of Methodism would never have been heard of; for it was not only her ardent desire that her children should do right that made her bring them up as they were—careless of this world's favour, ardent for eternal happiness. The severe facts of life did their part in the training. These children must needs learn to be obedient and well disciplined and self-denying. They were too numerous, too poor for pampering; and the mother averred that each of them learned to "cry softly and to fear the rod" before reaching one year of age.

That mother who urged them to regard life as discipline alone can herself have hardly had an hour's peace or joy from any other than spiritual sources. Her constant bodily pains, her unending wearing pecuniary cares, and the suppression of all her higher faculties, were not even solaced or atoned for by domestic love, for she says bitterly once: "It is our unhappiness that your father and I never think alike"; and one of Mrs. Wesley's daughters wrote that though, at home, she was in utter want of "money, liberty, and clothes," and that she and her mother endured "scandalous want of necessities," yet she would "stay while my mother lives; she has so little comfort in the world besides that it would be barbarous to

abandon her." It was out of this privation of all earthly sources of joy that there arose the intense devotion of the mother—the hope, in fact, of a better world hereafter to compensate for the boundless miseries that she had found in this present; and from her ardent spiritual life was drawn that of her sons, from which so many thousands (of the temperament suited by Methodism) have since been and are yet to be fed and elevated. It may be that, as the poet says, the mastodon would not have been consoled before he went to dust by knowing that the higher types were growing out of his extinction. But such is the law of nature in mind as in body. It is the lot of some to work out a blessing from their own unspeakable sufferings for those who shall follow after; and such was the lot of the mother of the Wesleys.

A city which has trebled its population in three years must be worthy of note, even in the annals of Western America. In 1888, Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, had a population of 6000; it now boasts of 18,000, and it is a familiar local prediction that before it has reached ten years of age the city will have 50,000 residents. The Imperial mail service to China and Japan, which is being inaugurated, in a few months must add to the importance of the city.

Alaska seems so hopelessly out of the way that to talk of connecting it by rail with the rest of the world appears almost a flight of the imagination. There are, however, in the western sections of America some venturesome spirits who are moving in the matter. A charter is about to be applied for, and the promoters claim that the first section of the railway, from Vancouver northwards, will pass through 1200 miles of magnificent agricultural and mineral lands.

The genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan was trebly represented in London on the evening of Saturday, Feb. 28, when, at Covent-Garden, was performed his dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," at the Royal English Opera his grand romantic opera "Ivanhoe," and at the Savoy Theatre his comic opera "The Gondoliers." It has been said, and we believe with perfect truth, that the simultaneous rendering at three Metropolitan theatres of works so important yet so diverse in character from the pen of the same English composer is an unprecedented event. At any rate, the coincidence is not a little remarkable, and it is one of which any living musician—even a Gounod or a Verdi—might justly be proud, more especially if it occurred, as in this instance, in his native city. "The Golden Legend" does not belong, strictly speaking, to the category of sacred music, but, this notwithstanding, the audience which thronged Covent-Garden Theatre was by far the most crowded that has yet attended the current series of Lenten oratorios. The performance would, perhaps, have benefited by another rehearsal or two. There was at times a lack of crispness and vigour about the choral singing, although some very fine effects were made in the dramatic prologue, the unaccompanied "Evening Hymn," and the broad, massive epilogue. Thanks to a fresh arrangement in the placing of the male choristers, the hymn "Nocte surgentes," and the chorus of pilgrims, "Me receptet Sion illa," came out splendidly with a full, rich body of tone. The solo parts were sustained by Madame Nordica, Miss Meredith Elliott, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Charles E. Tinney, and Mr. Watkin Mills, who acquitted themselves with ability and even distinction. Mr. Randegger conducted carefully, but his orchestra was by no means free from reproach.

# MAPPIN BROTHERS.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM,

ESTABLISHED 1810.)

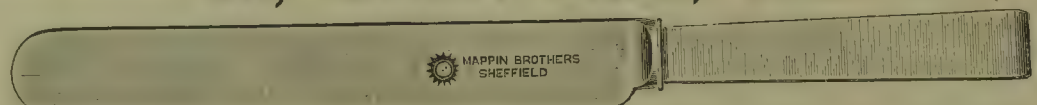
London { 220, REGENT STREET, W.;  
Show Rooms { 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)

PRIZE MEDALS,  
London,  
1851, 1862, &c.,  
the most  
distinguished  
Awards  
in the World.

TABLE CUTLERY,  
SPOONS AND FORKS,  
from the Manufac-  
turers direct, sav-  
ing purchasers  
from 33 to 50 per  
cent.

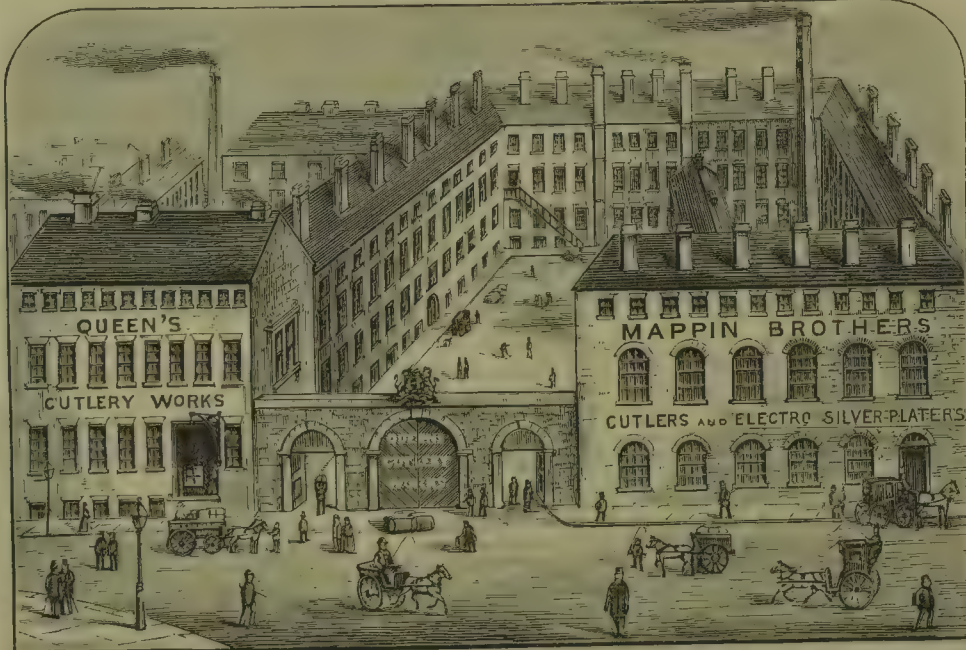
CUTLERY  
repaired, re-  
bladed, &c., at  
moderate cost.

INSPECTION  
invited at the  
London  
Show Rooms.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' Table Knives, with finest double-shear Steel Blades and Solid Ivory Handles, from 24s. per dozen.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF PRICES, POST FREE.



MAPPIN BROTHERS, QUEEN'S PLATE &amp; CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

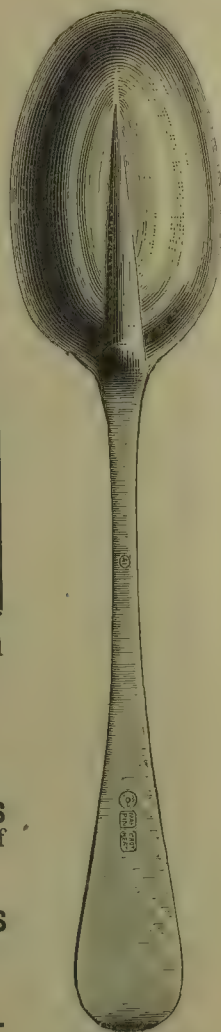
The  
TRADE MARK  
as above is  
stamped on all  
Mappin Brothers'  
Electro-Plate,  
Cutlery, &c., and  
none are genuine  
without it.

SILVER WARE  
AND ELECTRO SILVER  
PLATE  
from the Manufac-  
turers direct, sav-  
ing purchasers  
from 33 to 50 per  
cent.

Goods forwarded  
to the Country  
on approval,  
carriage paid.

INNUMERABLE  
TESTIMONIALS  
from all parts of  
the world.

SPOONS & FORKS  
replated and  
repaired at  
moderate cost.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' Table Spoons, Electro-plated on Superfine Hard White Nickel Silver, Special Price List Post Free.

MAPPIN BROTHERS'  
Table Forks, Electro-  
plated on Superfine Hard  
White Nickel Silver.  
Special Price List Post  
Free.

"A reputation of 80 years for high quality and low prices."

CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at

220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; AND QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY

LIMITED.

THE  
FINEST TEA BUYERS ON  
THE MARKET.

THE  
SUCCESSFUL TEA BLENDERS  
OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST TEA DEALERS in the KINGDOM.

"The United Kingdom Tea Company's name is a household word in English homes."

TEA FIRST HAND,

DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.

1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, & 2/- A LB.

Teas at 1/6 and upwards packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge.

Delivered Anywhere Carriage Paid.

Read what HEALTH says:

"PURE TEAS.—We have tested samples of the Teas supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company (Limited), a Company which enjoys the distinction of being Tea Merchants to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. All the Teas are free from any excess of astringency, and are what they claim to be—pure articles. INVALIDS as well as THOSE in HEALTH may ENJOY DRINKING these TEAS WITHOUT the LEAST FEAR of the INJURIOUS EFFECTS which so frequently result from using the inferior Teas sold by many retailers."

Read what the LANCET says:

"UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS.—We have analysed these Teas at some length. Indian Teas give rough, thick liquors, the Teas of China are delightfully delicate in flavour and aroma, whilst the Teas of Ceylon occupy a position intermediate in character. These qualities are combined by the United Kingdom Tea Company by the judicious and careful blending in such proportions as to YIELD the BEST RESULTS, and are, in fact, just what one would expect to gain with GENUINE and CAREFULLY PREPARED TEAS."

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY LIMD.

TEA MERCHANTS to H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.

TEA MERCHANTS to the HOUSE of COMMONS.

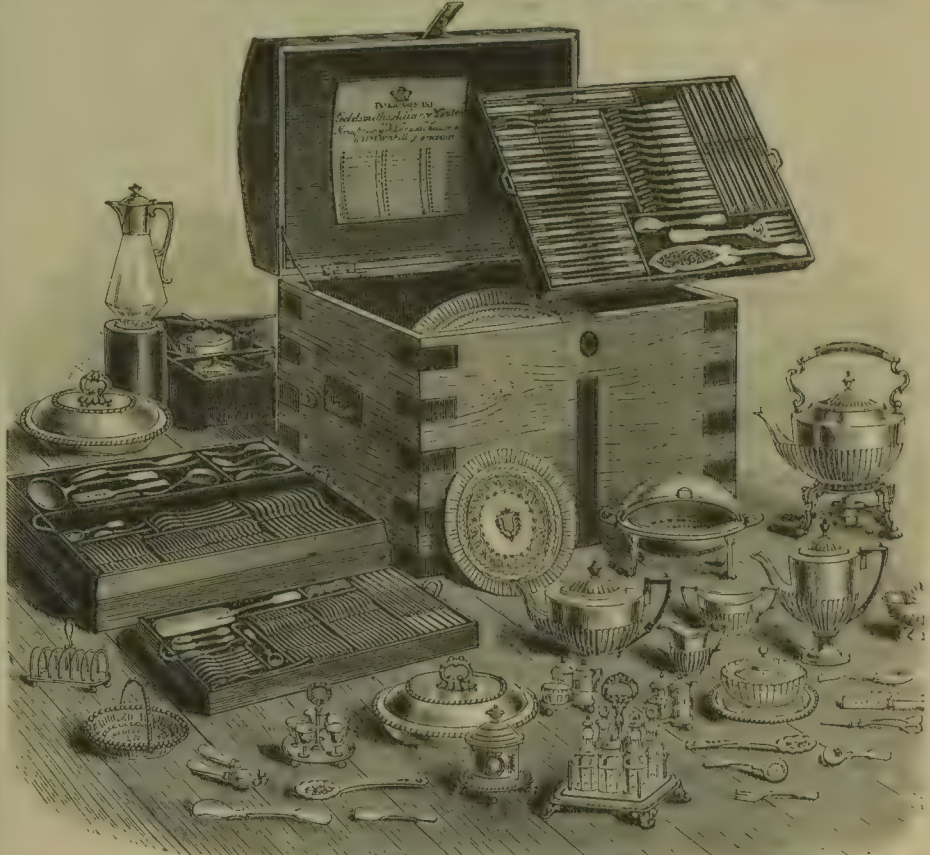
OFFICES: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

## GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED, Manufacturing Silversmiths, 11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Opposite the Bank of England.)

ABOLITION OF SILVER PLATE DUTY—REDUCED PRICES.

SOLID SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS, 5s. 6d. per Ounce.



The above drawing represents a complete service of Best Quality Silver-Plated Ware and Best London made Ivory Handle Cutlery, fitted in strong Iron-Bound Oak Chest, lined Cloth.

PRICE COMPLETE, £95.

Canteens and Plate Chests may also be had to contain smaller quantities of Silver or Silver-Plated Ware. Estimates Post Free.

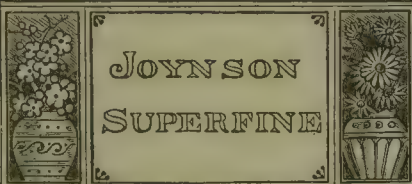
### REDUCED PRICE OF SILVER-PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

In consequence of the improvements in machinery and the perfection of their dies, the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, are enabled to supply Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks at prices far lower than any other house or co-operative store, whilst at the same time maintaining the high standard of quality for which their Silver-Plated Spoons and Forks are so justly celebrated.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS POST FREE TO ALL PARTS.

## WM JOYNSON & SON'S

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK.  
IN HIGHLY GLAZED PAPERS.



SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER  
THE SMOOTHEST POSSIBLE SURFACE

HIGH CLASS  
Writing Papers

Have been Used for over half a Century by the  
Aristocracy and all First Class Firms

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, PERFECT FINISH  
Ask your Stationer for a set of Ovr. Samples. Gratis.

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK.  
IN DULL FINISHED PAPERS.



SUITABLE FOR ALL WHO PREFER  
A SEMI-ROUGH SURFACE.

## FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

### CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

THE NEW  
PATENT SAFETY  
NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART  
REPRESENTS THE  
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

CLARKE'S  
"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."  
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes  
containing 3 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST  
TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.  
THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS  
FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST,  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.  
IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

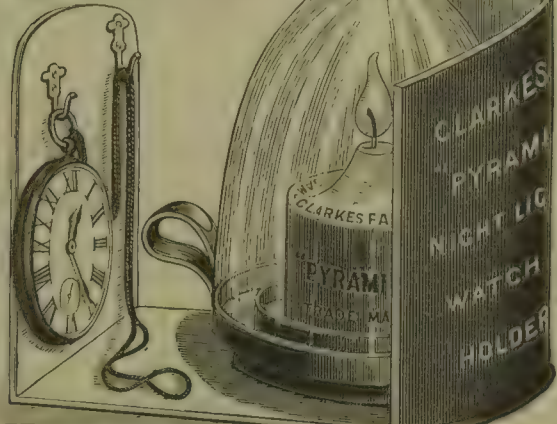
FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.  
TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY.  
USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.



As used by Her Majesty the Queen.  
"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing  
6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours  
each. 1s. per box.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID"  
NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d.  
Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD. LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.



## OBITUARY.

SIR THOMAS GABRIEL, BART.

Alderman Sir Thomas Gabriel, first Baronet, of Edgecombe Hall, in the county of Surrey, died suddenly on Feb. 23. He was born Nov. 5, 1811, the fourth son of the late Mr. Thomas Gabriel, of Brixton, Surrey, by his wife, Sarah, daughter of Mr. John Wild. He was elected Alderman of Vintry Ward in 1857, Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1859, and Lord Mayor of London in 1866-7. In the latter year he was created a Baronet, to commemorate the splendid hospitality accorded by the Corporation of London in entertaining the Sultan of Turkey and the Pasha of Egypt. The deceased Alderman was one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, a Justice of the Peace for Surrey and Middlesex, and an officer of the Order of Leopold of Belgium and of the second class of the Medjidieh. Sir Thomas married, Oct. 8, 1844, Mary Dutton, only child of the late Mr. Charles Pearson, M.P., Solicitor of the City of London, and leaves two surviving daughters. As the deceased gentleman died without male issue, the baronetcy becomes extinct.

SIR WILLIAM KIRBY GREEN.

Sir William Kirby Green, K.C.M.G., died at Tangier on Feb. 25. He was a son of Sir John Green, C.B., Agent and Consul-General in Roumania, and was born in 1836. He entered the consular service at an early age, being first employed in the Consulate at Alexandria. He subsequently held various consular appointments at Tangier, Tetuan, and Tunis, was once Consul

at Damascus, from 1871 to 1876, and acting Consul-General at Beyrout 1873-4. From 1879 to 1886 he was Chargé d'Affaires in Montenegro, and in the latter year was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Morocco. The deceased Minister married, in 1863, Mary, daughter of the late Colonel Sir Thomas Reade, K.C.B., Agent and Consul in Tunis.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, BART.

Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., of Norwood Park, Nottinghamshire, the owner of the celebrated yacht Genista, died on Feb. 25, after a short illness, at St. John's Park, Ryde. He was born Dec. 20, 1853, the eldest son of Sir Richard Sutton, fourth Baronet, by Harriet Anne, his second wife, daughter of the late Mr. William Fitz-William Burton of Burton Hall, Carlisle. He succeeded his father in October 1878, was High Sheriff of Berkshire in 1887, and was the patron of three livings. He married, April 5, 1888, Edith Constance, daughter of Sir Vincent Rowland Corbet, third Baronet, but leaves no issue. He is succeeded in the title by his brother, now Sir Arthur Edwin Sutton, sixth Baronet, who married, in September 1885, the eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Douglas Dumbleton, and has issue, a daughter, Esme. The first Baronet, Sir Richard Sutton of Norwood Park, son of Sir Robert Sutton, K.B., M.P., was great-grandson of Henry Sutton, the brother of Robert, Lord Lexington.

SIR BENJAMIN C. C. PINE, K.C.M.G.

Sir Benjamin Chilly Campbell Pine, K.C.M.G., of Garail, Argyllshire, died on Feb. 25, at 59, Wimpole Street. He was

son of Mr. Benjamin C. Pine, of Tunbridge Wells, was born in 1813, received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1834, was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1841, and became a Benchman in 1880. From 1842 to 1848 he was Queen's Advocate at Sierra Leone, Acting Governor there 1848 to 1849; Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, 1849 to 1856; Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast, 1856 to 1859; Lieutenant-Governor of St. Kitts, 1859 to 1868; Governor of West Australia, 1868 to 1869; Governor of the Leeward Isles, 1869 to 1873; and again Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, 1873 to 1875. He married, first, in 1841, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Campbell of Lochhead, and secondly, in 1859, Margaretta Anne, daughter of Colonel John Simpson. Sir Benjamin was knighted in 1856, and made K.C.M.G. in 1871.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Edmund Parmeter Goodhall, British Vice-Consul at Bahia Blanca, Argentine Republic, aged forty-four.

Mr. Robert Hattersley Ellis of Sudworth, Cheshire, and of Brackenborough Hall, Lincolnshire, J.P., on Feb. 17, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. Richard Humphry Hill, D.C.L., Rector of Stanway, Colchester, Canon and Precentor of Bangor Cathedral, for some years Head Master of Magdalen College School, on Feb. 26, aged sixty-six.

Lady Murray (Agnes), widow of Sir Terence Aubrey Murray, K.C.M.G., President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, on Feb. 19, at 1, Observatory Avenue, Kensington.

## CRADLE SPRING CHAIRS.

HARRINGTON'S PATENT.

THE MOST LUXURIOUS CHAIR EVER MADE.

Suitable for Birthday and Wedding Gifts.

From £3 3s. to £12 12s.

UPHOLSTERED IN EVERY STYLE.

Also Anti-Vibration Cushion for Carriages and Driving Seats.

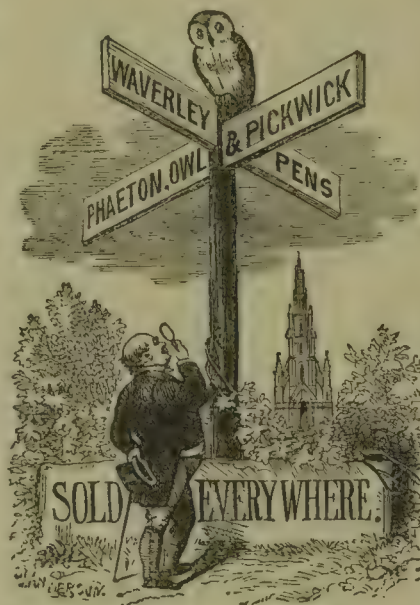
SHOW ROOMS:

398, FULHAM ROAD, AND AT OUR STALL AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

WORKS: COVENTRY.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS TO

J. HARRINGTON &amp; CO., LONDON.



Recommended by 2839 Newspapers

THE FLYING 'J' PEN.



A superior 'J' Pen capable of writing 100 to 200 words with one dip of ink.

THE COMMERCIAL PEN.

For Fine Writing.



'A luxury for the million.'—Somerset Gazette.

THE FLYING SCOTCHMAN PEN

Instead of a Quill.



'The fastest pen we have ever used.'—Sportsman.

6d and 1s per Box at all Stationers.  
Sample Box of all the kinds, 1/1 by Post.MACNIVEN & CAMERON,  
WAVERLEY WORKS, EDINBURGH.

This Product has been tested by the leading  
Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced

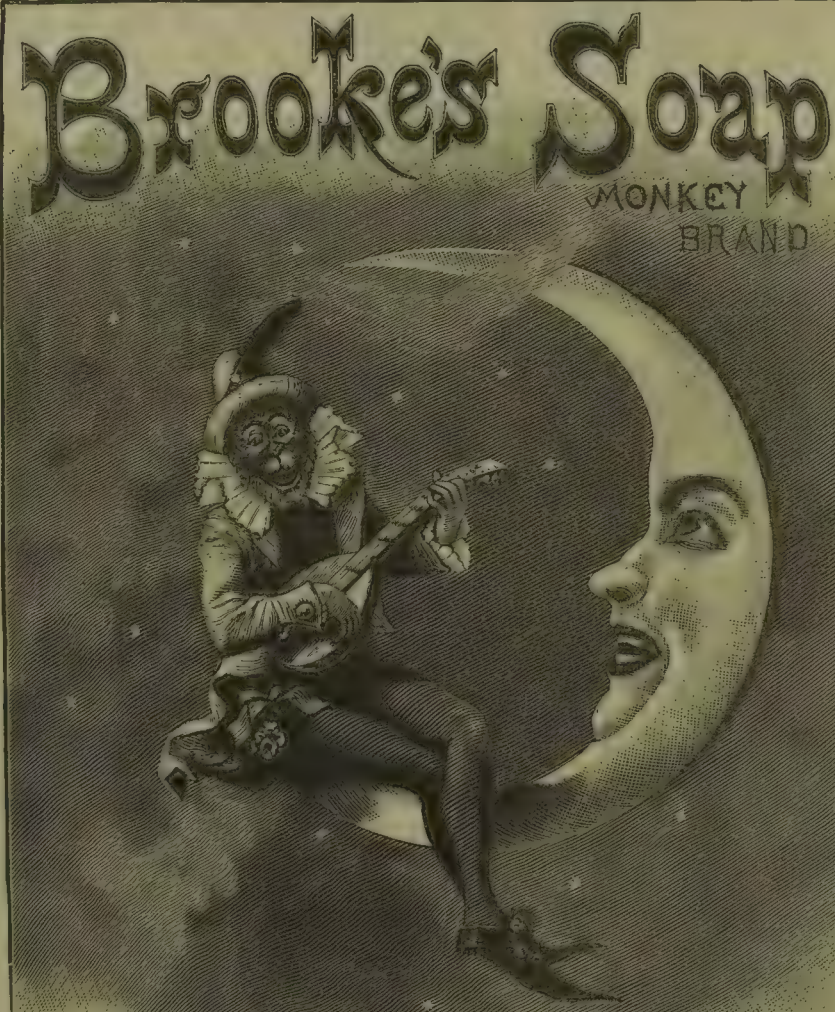
**"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."**

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING  
**METALS, MARBLE,  
PAINT, CUTLERY,  
CROCKERY, MACHINERY,  
GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE,  
WINDOWS, OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS,  
BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.**

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen  
Utensils.

For Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Vessels, Fire  
Irons, Marble, Statuary, Floors, Mantels, and  
1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and  
on Shipboard.

**REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.**



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,  
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;  
And we both declare, as half the world knows,  
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"



NEW MUSIC.

**IVANHOE.**  
GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA.  
The Libretto adapted from Sir Walter Scott's Novel  
by Julian Sturgis.  
The Music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
VOCAL SCORE BOUND .. .. . Net 7s. 6d.  
VOCAL SCORE BOUND .. .. . " 10s. 6d.  
PIANOFORTE SOLO .. .. . " 4s. 6d.  
LIBRETTO .. .. . " 1s. 6d.  
Separate Songs, Pianoforte Arrangements, &c.  
THE ABOVE NOW READY.

**BY THE OLD, OLD SEA.** H. Trottere.  
Words by Clifton Bunham.  
In B flat, C, and E flat.

**BY THE OLD, OLD SEA.** H. Trottere.  
The last New Song by this very Popular Composer.

**NEAPOLITAN SONG.** Paolo Tosti.  
"The melody is earnest, and the pianoforte accompaniment appropriate."—Daily Telegraph.

**NEAPOLITAN SONG.** Paolo Tosti.  
"A pretty and attractive song; certain to please."—Sunday Times.  
Sung by Mr. Reginald Groome.

**THE WOODLAND FLOWER.**  
A. GORING THOMAS.

**THE WOODLAND FLOWER.**  
A. GORING THOMAS.  
"Vastly superior to the ballads of the present age."—Daily Chronicle.  
Sung by Mr. Henry Piercy.

**SERENADE ("Ma Tante Belle").**  
FRANCIS THOME.  
"The composer has favoured vocalists with a song that embodies the spirit of ancient minstrelsy."—Daily Telegraph.

**SERENADE ("Ma Tante Belle").**  
FRANCIS THOME.  
"A charming and highly characteristic composition."—Sunday Times.  
Sung by Miss Liza Lehmann.

**NEW PIANOFORTE PIECE**  
"by COTSFORD DICK.

**VILLANELLE (from "Suite Provençale")**  
Just published.

**VILLANELLE.** Cotsford Dick.

**FRANCIS THOMÉ'S NEW PIANOFORTE**  
PIECE.  
Just published.

**CLAIR DE LUNE.**  
Romance for Piano.  
By the Composer of "Simple Aven."

**CLAIR DE LUNE.**  
"Simple and melodious."—P. garo.  
"A dreamy, graceful romance."—Sunday Times.  
"A graceful drawing-room piece."—Daily News.  
Arranged also for Violin and Pianoforte, price 2s. net each.

**CHAPPELL and CO'S PIANOFORTES,**  
with complete Iron Frames, for DRAWING-ROOMS, YACHTS, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, and EXTENSIVE CLIMATES. New Designs, Improved Tone and Action. A Liberal Discount for Cash, or on the Instalment System.

STUDENTS' PIANOS .. .. . From 16 Guineas.  
PIANOS .. .. . " 23 "  
COTTAGE PIANOS .. .. . " 40 "  
OVERSTRUNG PIANOS .. .. . " 50 "  
UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS .. .. . " 70 "  
GRAND PIANOS .. .. . " 90 "  
EOLIAN PIANOS .. .. . " 53 "

**CLOUGH and WARREN'S American Organs.**  
A Combination of Pipes and Reeds. New Styles and New Designs. From 6 to 250 Guineas.

**CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street.**

**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,**  
GREAT PATERNITY STREET, LONDON.  
Makers to George II., George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.  
Gold japanned Iron Pianofortes of exquisite tone.

Founded, 1838; Rebuilt, 1887.

**MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs.**  
to 108 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs.; Three-Years' System, from 10s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.  
104 and 105, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.

**PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS.**  
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.  
Illustrated Lists Free.  
170, New Bond-street, W.

**D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND**  
ORGANS. Absolute Sale, 50 per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.  
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.  
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.  
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.  
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 44 guineas upwards. Full price and will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of the highest class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

**PIANOS for HIRE.** 10s. per Month. Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The most economical and judicious mode of obtaining a really good pianoforte is to hire one (with the option of purchasing it if approved of the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

**PIANOS.—15s. per Month, Three-Years' System.** Become the property of the hire if the payments are kept up. There is no other house in London that offers such really good pianos at 15s. per month on the three-years' system as the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

**PIANOS, £15 to £100.—An opportunity** now offers to those who are able to pay cash, of purchasing really good sound Second-Hand Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices. Lists free.  
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street.

**BORD'S PIANOS on SALE,** with 25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the three-years hire system.—Lists free of C. BORD and Co., 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, London. Pianos exchanged.

**BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND**  
INSTRUMENTS.—Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, &c., in use in all parts of the World, giving universal satisfaction. SPECIAL TERMS TO BANDS.

**BUTLER'S MUSICAL**  
INSTRUMENTS.—Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.  
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.  
Illustrated Price-List post free.

**TO LADIES.—SALE OF NEW MUSIC,** at large reduction and post free (new copies), including all publishers' New Songs, Pieces, &c., best editions. Prices commencing 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent gratis, post free.—J. W. MOFFATT, 280, Caledonian-road, London, N. Estd. 1827.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST AND MOTTO?**  
Send name and county to GULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES TRACED. The correct colours for liveries. Arms of husband and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings, &c.—at, from 12s.—25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

**GULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED**  
STATIONERY—a Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped IN COLOUR with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting Cards, 2s. 6d.—T. GULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

**ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.**  
**ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.**  
**ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.**  
**ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.**  
**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL**  
Is the best Preserver of the Hair, the best Brilliantine for Ladies and Children, as it is not too greasy or too drying in its effect, and by far the best Brilliantine for the Whiskers and Moustaches; contains no lead, poisonous or mineral ingredients, and can also be had in a golden colour for fair-haired children. Sizes—8s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small).

**ROWLANDS' Odonto.**

**ROWLANDS' Odonto.**

**ROWLANDS' Odonto.**

**ROWLANDS' Odonto.**

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO,**  
Or Pearl Dentifrice, Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Strengthens the Gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. It contains no acid or gritty substances of which most cheap tooth powders are composed, and which scratch and ruin the enamel. Buy only ROWLANDS' ODONTO. Ask anywhere for Rowlands' articles.

**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.**

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

New ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 93.

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR**  
MARCH. Containing THE WHITE COMPANY, by A. Conan Doyle, Author of "Micah Clarke"; Chaps. VII. and IX.—EPITAPHS—THE PIPE, BIBLICAL, DRAMA, IN SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.—BIRD AND BEAST POACHERS.—EIGHT DAYS, by the Author of "The Touchstone of Peril." Chaps. XXV.—XXVII.  
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

**NEW WORK BY THE REV. DR. BREWER.**  
Now ready, crown 8vo., about 1000 pages, price 10s. 6d.

**THE HISTORIC NOTE BOOK.** With an Appendix of Battles. By the Rev. E. COBBHAM BREWER, LL.D., Author of "Guide to Science," "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," "The Reader's Handbook," "Dictionary of Miracles," &c.  
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OUTCASTS."**  
Now ready, at all the Libraries, in 3 vols., post 8vo.

**A DRAUGHT OF LETHE.** BY ROY TELLET, Author of "The Outcasts."  
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

**THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.**  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL. By A. C. Swinburne.  
THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE. II. By W. H. Hurlbert.  
FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE. By Thomas Hardy.  
THE CRISIS IN THE EASTERN SOUDAN. By Hugh E. M. Studdell.  
THE POET VERLAINE. By Edward Delille.  
ROSSETTI AND THE MORALISTS. By the Author of "A Dead Man's Diary."  
THE PAPUAN AND HIS MASTER. By Hume Nisbet.  
THE MACEDONIAN QUESTION. By A. Hume-Beaman.  
CONDUCT AND GREEK RELIGION. By Mrs. Gribble.  
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW FOREST. By the Hon. Auberon Herbert.  
CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION. By the Hon. J. W. Longley (Attorney-General for Nova Scotia).  
A PREPARE TO "DORIAN GRAY." By Oscar Wilde.  
ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. By George Meredith.  
CORRESPONDENCE.  
CHAPMAN and HALL, Limited.

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**  
No. 57, for MARCH, contains—  
I. COMPULSORY GREEK. By E. A. Freeman.  
II. THE CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE. By George Saintsbury.  
III. HE FELL AMONG THIEVES. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. Conclusion.  
IV. BROTHERHOOD.  
V. THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF. By A. E. Street.  
VI. BUTTER-MAKING IN JUTLAND. By the Rev. M. C. F. Morris.  
VII. MY OLD DRAWING-MASTER.  
VIII. THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE. By A. G. Bradley.  
IX. THE GREAT DISCOVERY. By H. I. Havel.  
MACMILLAN and Co., London.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED**  
MAGAZINE for MARCH. Profusely Illustrated, price 6d. by post, 8d.

I. PORTRAIT OF MRS. LOUISE JOPLING-ROWE. Engraved by O. Lacour, from the picture painted by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., 1880. Front.

II. HOSPITAL NURSING. Mrs. Hunter. Illustrated by Harry Furness.

III. IMPRESSIONS IN CAIRO. W. Morton Fullerton. Illustrated by Percy Anderson.

IV. THE TRADITIONS OF THE BAYMEN. Edith Sellers.

V. CANNES FLOWERS. A. M. Wakenheim.

VI. A DAY IN KYOTO. Frederick Mackenzie. Illustrated by M. G. Heut and Hokusai.

VII. FRANK SHORT AND WILLIAM STRANG. Frederick Wedmore. Illustrated from Etchings by William Strang.

VIII. THE WITCH OF PRAGUE. Chaps. XII.—XIV. (continued). Marion Crawford. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy.

MACMILLAN and Co., London.

Price 2s. 6d., post free.

**DISEASES OF THE SPLEEN AND THEIR**  
REMEDIES CLINICALLY ILLUSTRATED.  
By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.  
J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Thaddeus-street.

Price 1s., post free.

**INDIGESTION: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.**  
By JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.  
J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Thaddeus-street.

**"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU"**  
There is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold every where, in 134d. Tins.

**LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**  
**BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS**  
From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.  
Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road).  
New Fast Train, London to Brighton, 9 a.m.  
New Fast Train, Brighton to London, 7.30 p.m.  
New Late Train, Brighton to Victoria, 10.35 p.m.  
Third Class, by 8.25 a.m. Fast Train, Brighton to London Bridge, and 4 p.m. Fast Train, London Bridge to Brighton.  
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available 8 days.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday from Victoria 10 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.  
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton from Victoria and London Bridge every Saturday.  
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.  
Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.  
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.**  
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Improved Express Night Service (Weekdays and Sundays).  
London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).  
dep. Victoria (West-End) 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m.  
London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m.  
Paris (St. Lazare) 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West-End) 7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 31s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.  
Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 2d., Third 33s. 3d.  
Powerful Liddle-steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Time-Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**PLEASURE CRUISE**  
TO SICILY, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.  
The Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered steam-ship CHIMBORAZO, 344 tons register, 300-horse power, from London on APRIL 1, for a SIX-WEEKS CRUISE, visiting Tangier, Palermo, Syracuse, Naxos, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Smyrna (for Ephesus), Santorin, Malta, Algiers.

The Chimborazo is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.  
The GARONNE, 345 tons register, 300-horse power, will leave London on April 22, for a MONTH'S CRUISE, to South of Spain, Sicily, Algeria, &c. Managers, P. GILES and Co., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.

For further particulars of above and later cruises apply to the latter firm, or to West-End Agents, GRINDLAY and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.

**P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS**  
FROM LONDON TO  
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRIN-  
DISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via  
BOMBAY  
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS,  
and JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA, ALEXANDRIA, &c.  
Every week, alternate week.  
DIRECT SERVICES FROM BRINDISI TO EGYPT and the EAST.  
Cheap Return Tickets.  
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, E.C., and 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

**GRAND CANARY.—The Finest Winter**  
Climate in the World.—Hotel Santa Catalina, facing the Sea, surrounded by its own beautiful gardens, replete with every modern improvement, is open for the season, under entirely new management; sanitary arrangements perfect. Private Sitting-rooms, and complete suites of apartments. Resident English Physician and nurse. English Church Service. Every information may be obtained and plans sent at the Offices of the CANARY ISLANDS COMPANY, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney-hill, London, E.C.

**AIX-LES-BAINS, SAVOY.—Rheumatism**  
cured. Most important of Continental Sulphurous Spas. Eleven hours from Paris. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, and catarrh of the pharynx, larynx, and nasal passages efficaciously treated. The most celebrated doctors attend this luxurious and curative station.

**LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and**  
Lucernehof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.  
HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

**ROME.—Pension Tellenbach, Due Macelli 66.**  
Piazza di Spagna.—The most comfortable and fashionable Family Pension. Established 1863. Sunny rooms, newspapers, baths, lift.

**M O N T E C A R L O .**  
For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality is a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, in its special attractions and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations of the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

**HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.**  
Daily yield, 507,600 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Bath Daily in the Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE,**  
OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH.  
Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable and far superior to Glycerine or any greasy compound. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Houth says: "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name and Address, are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

**THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS**  
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT  
**BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.**  
Really good Foreign Cigars at London.  
16s., 20s., 22s., per 100 (and upwards) Samples 3 for 1s. (14 stamps).

**LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE**  
CHARTREUSE.  
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its medicinal properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 55, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.

**BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.**  
Each in One Vol., crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

**By RHODA BROUGHTON.**  
COMETH UP AS A FLOWER.  
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!  
JOAN.  
NANCY.  
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.  
RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.  
SECOND THOUGHTS.  
BELINDA.  
DOCTOR CUPID.

**By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.**  
THE "FIRST VIOLIN."  
BORDERLAND.  
KITH AND KIN.  
HEALEY.  
PROBATION.

**By HELEN MATHERS.**  
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

**By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.**  
THE THREE CLERKS.

**By MARIE CORELLI.**  
A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.  
VENDETTA.  
THELMA.

**By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.**  
UNCLE SILAS.  
IN A GLASS DARKLY.  
THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD.

**By Mrs. RIDDELL.**  
GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT.  
BERNA BOYLE.

**By Lady G. FULLERTON.**  
ELLEN MIDDLETON.  
LADYBIRD.  
TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

**By ROSA N. CAREY.**  
HERIOT'S CHOICE.  
BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL.  
NELLIE'S MEMORIES.  
NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.  
ROBERT OLD'S ATONEMENT.  
UNCLE MAX.  
WEE WIFE.  
WOODED AND MARRIED.  
ONLY THE GOVERNESS.  
QUEENIE'S WHIM.

**By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.**  
MISUNDERSTOOD.  
SEAFORTH.  
THROWN TOGETHER.

**By Mrs. ALEXANDER.**  
HER DEAREST Foe.  
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.  
THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.  
THE EXECUTOR.  
THE WOOLING O'T.  
WHICH SHALL IT BE?

**By JANE AUSTEN.**  
The only Complete Edition, besides the Stevenson Edition, upon hand-made paper, at 63s.

LADY SUSAN and THE WATSONS.  
MANSFIELD PARK.  
EMMA.  
NORTHANGER ABBEY and PERSUASION.  
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.  
SENSE and SENSIBILITY.

**By Mrs. PARR.**  
ADAM AND EVE.  
DOROTHY FOX.

**By Baroness TAUTPHUGS.**  
THE INITIALS.  
QUITS!

**By W. E. NORRIS.**  
MISS SHAFTO.  
THIRLBY HALL.  
A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.  
MAJOR AND MINOR.  
THE ROGUE.

**By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.**  
OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?  
A BALL-ROOM REPENTANCE.  
A GIRTON GIRL.  
LEAN: A WOMAN OF FASHION.

**By the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.**  
LADY GRIZEL.

**By MARCUS CLARKE.**  
FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE.

**By HAWLEY SMART.**  
BREEZIE LANGTON.

**By HECTOR MALOT.**  
NO RELATIONS.

**By E. WERNER.**  
UNDER A CHARM.  
NO SURRENDER.  
SUCCESS; AND HOW HE WON IT.  
FICKLE FORTUNE.

**By Mrs. NOTLEY.**  
OLIVE VARCOE.

**ANONYMOUS.**  
THE LAST OF THE CAVALIERS.

**By MARY LINSKILL.**  
BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

**RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,**  
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, as contained in two papers (dated June 3 and 20, 1884), with two codicils (dated Aug. 23, 1888, and April 19, 1890), of Lady Harriet Hay, widow of the Rev. Lord Thomas Hay, Rector of Rendlesham, Suffolk, late of the Villa Flora, Crimiez, Nice, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 23 by Sir Alexander Kinloch, Bart., the nephew, and Mrs. Harriet Fairfax and Mrs. Isabella Anne Balfour, the nieces, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £83,000. The testatrix gives the Villa Flora and its dependencies to her great-nephew, Nigel Harington Balfour; her share and interest in freehold property at Newton-upon-Trent, in copyhold property at Ryton, Durham, and 20, Eaton Square, to her nephew, Sir Alexander Kinloch; £4000 to her niece, Isabella Anne Balfour; £2000 each to Henry Anstruther, Francis, Eleanor Ann, and Mary Anna, the children of her said nephew; £500 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East; £400 to the Foreign Aid Society; £200 each to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews and the London City Mission; £100 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society and Dr. Barnardo's Homes; and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, the said Sir Alexander Kinloch.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1879) of Lady Caroline Felicie Lindsay, late of 85, Eaton Place, and of Seabank, North Berwick, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 22 by James Stuart Trotter, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her brother John, Earl of Lindsay, and to her sisters Stuart, Dowager Countess of Norbury, and Mrs. Anne Campbell; £500 to her faithful friend and housekeeper, Mrs. Hosegood; and one year's wages to each of her other servants who have been one year in her service at her death. The residue of her property she gives to her sister, Mrs. Coutts Trotter.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1884) of Mr. James Montagu, J.P., late of Melton Park, Doncaster, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 19 by George Bryan Cooke Yarborough and Charles Henry Morton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £196,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Laura Adeline Montagu, and he charges his estates with £500 per annum to be paid to her for life, in addition to £1000 per annum secured to her by settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he

leaves, upon trust, for his son, Frederick James Osbaldeston Montagu.

The will (dated April 13, 1889) of Colonel Charles Kemeys-Tynte, F.S.A., J.P., D.L., late of Cefn Mably, Cardiff, and of Halswell, near Bridgwater, Somersetshire, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Elizabeth Kemeys-Tynte, the widow, St. David Morgan Kemeys-Tynte, the brother, and Clement Upperton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £87,000. The testator gives a house at Cheltenham to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter Hannah Grace; £5000 to his wife; £1000 each to his eldest son, Halswell Milborne, and to his daughters, Rachel Elizabeth Henriette and Grace Hannah; an annuity of £800 to his son Charles Harley Morton; and he appoints £10,000 to each of his said two daughters, and the residue of a trust fund of £12,325 to his daughter Rachel Elizabeth Henriette. He bequeaths £200 Consols, upon trust, to apply the dividends in strewing, every Saturday evening, with flowers the two graves of his loved wives, and the remainder is to go to the schools at Llanfihangel-y-Vedw. He devises the unsettled Cefn Mably estates to his eldest son, Halswell Milborne, for life, with remainder to his son Charles Theodore Halswell, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. All his manors, messuages, farms, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the county of Leicester he devises to his said eldest son, for life, and then settles the same upon his son Eustace; and there are other devises and bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate is to go with his unsettled Cefn Mably estates.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1880) of Mr. Joseph Gainer, late of Berryfield Cottage, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, dyer, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Feb. 17 by Joseph William Gainer, M.B., the son, and Robert Gainer, the brother, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator leaves his books and papers, on dying, and £200, to his brother, Robert; his furniture and effects and £200 to his unmarried daughters; £1000, upon trust, for his sister Fanny Gardiner, for life; £100 to his sister Eliza Jane Smith; £200 to his sister Lucy Fielder Jones; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1891) of Mr. Richard Dawson, late of 9, Arundel Terrace, Brighton, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on Feb. 18 by William Oldham Dawson, the son, and Walter Badeley Pattison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives his freehold residence and stables, with the

furniture and effects, and balances at his London and Brighton bankers, to his son; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then, subject to the payment of £1000 per annum to his widow, if any, for his children or issue, as he shall appoint. In default of children, such part of the ultimate residue as cannot by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes is to go to his nephew Richard Watkins, and the other part to the Sussex County Hospital and Mrs. Gladstone's Hospital for Convalescent Patients (Woodford, Essex), in equal proportions.

The will (dated June 7, 1882), with eight codicils (the last dated June 6, 1890), of Mr. Jacob Vincent, late of 24, Highbury Place, solicitor, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Feb. 17 by Miss Mary Charlotte Vincent and Miss Maria Jane Vincent, the daughters, John Lewis Vincent, the nephew, William Tallemach, and Charles Cooper Hayward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road, Islington), the Seamen's Hospital Society of Greenwich, and the French Protestant School of Westminster, now located in Bloomsbury Street; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, in equal shares for his two daughters, Mary Charlotte and Maria Jane.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1883) of Mr. William Orlando Markham, M.D., late of 21, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on Feb. 11, by Henry William Kennedy Markham, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator confirms the settlement made previously to his marriage, and bequeaths £2500, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Catherine Markham, for life, and then for his daughter, Eliza Catherine Poland, and her children; £5000 further; upon trust, for his said daughter and her children; £100 to the Northampton General Infirmary; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

Between five and six thousand persons were run over in the streets of London during the year 1889, and there is a tendency to an increase in the number of these casualties. It has been suggested that the regulation as to carrying lights, which is applied to cycles, should be extended to all other vehicles.

## COVERINGS FOR SEMI &amp; COMPLETE BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.



Perfect imitations of Nature; invisible additions to thin partings, art blending with nature so completely as to defy the closest scrutiny.

Half, Three-quarter, or Full Wigs on same Principle for Ladies or Gentlemen.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Every design in Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.

C. BOND & SON, 546, Oxford-st., London, W.

## EDELWEISS,

This New Registered Perfume is most Exquisite, Original, and Permanent, and has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest ever produced. It is unique.

THE ROYAL PERFUMERY COMPANY.

Dépot: 27, Old Bond Street. Price from 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.

Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

## NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

S. Sainsbury's  
Lavender Water

## ENGLISH LAVENDER FLOWERS.

combined with other Choice and Delicate Scents, have now been used for upwards of half a century in the preparation of

S. SAINSBURY'S  
LAVENDER WATER.

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

Allen & Hanbury's  
"Perfected"

## Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be." Lancet.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In Capsuled Bottles, only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanbury's Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

BYNIN,

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

## CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

COLD IN THE HEAD

Cured in 12 hours.

COLD ON THE CHEST

Cured in 12 hours.

CATARRH

Cured in 3 months.

ASTHMA

Cured in every case; relieved in 10 minutes.

BRONCHITIS

Cured in every case.

HOARSENESS

Cured in 12 hours.

LOSS OF VOICE

Fully restored.

INFLUENZA

Cured in 24 hours.

THOAT DEAFNESS

Cured in 3 months.

SORE THROAT

Cured in 12 hours.

SNORING

Cured by inhaling at bedtime.

HAY FEVER

A cure guaranteed.

CROUP

Cured in 12 hours.

WHOOPIING COUGH

Relieved in 5 minutes.

NEURALGIA

Cured in 10 minutes.

HEADACHE

Cured in 10 minutes.

One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—10s., post free.

The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL can be refilled, when empty, at a cost of 5s., post free.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.,  
27, Princes Street, Hanover Square,  
LONDON, W.

## DON'T EAT

With a good digestion, the appetite is seldom wanting. Without it, a good appetite is a delusion and a snare, for it prompts to gastronomic indulgences, which will have to be paid for later on.

## WITHOUT

Pepsalia, used as ordinary table-salt, and in similar quantities, absolutely effects digestion, and restores dyspeptics to a condition of health and comfort.

In Bottles at 1/- & 2/- each, from Chemists, or from

G. & G. STERN,  
62, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

M.D., &c., Cavendish Square, London,  
W., writes, July 1890:—

"An indigestion which had been slowly growing, resulting in flatulence, discomfort, and sleepiness after meals, general lassitude and depression, has, with all these disagreeable symptoms, vanished as by a charm since I commenced merely substituting Pepsalia for ordinary table salt with my dinner."

"PEPSALIA."





# JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS

MARCH 7, 1891

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



I have a Song to Sing O!

Sing me your Song O!

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, 18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and of the Principal Musicsellers throughout the World. Lists Free. Pianoforte Makers to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

Ministerial crises are the order of the day. A short time ago the Servian Ministry had to resign, and the same fate overtook the Norwegian Cabinet a few days later. On Feb. 27 it was the turn of the Roumanian Ministers, who felt it their duty to place their resignations in the hands of King Charles, because the Senate declined to discuss a Bill on public education. Of these Ministerial crises, the first has been brought to an end, but the other two are likely to last some time. In Norway the situation is one of great difficulty, for the very principle of the union between Norway and Sweden is at stake. The Norwegians now demand the right of managing their own foreign affairs, and of appointing diplomatic and consular representatives abroad. If, according to Constitutional usage, King Oscar chooses the new Ministry from among the majority, an attempt to repeal the Scandinavian union will probably follow ere long; if, on the other hand, he calls into office a Ministry composed of members of the minority, he runs the risk of provoking a conflict the consequences of which may be disastrous. So far, the King seems disposed to take the former, and strictly Constitutional, course, and has offered the task of forming a Cabinet to a prominent Radical, M. Steen, who is the leader of the Left. In Roumania, the King has entrusted M. Floresco, the President of the Senate, with the formation of a new Cabinet. From Bucharest to Honolulu is a far cry, but there also the state of affairs is unsatisfactory since

the death of King Kalakaua, which occurred a few weeks ago at San Francisco. He was succeeded, it may be remembered, by his sister, Princess Liliuokalani. It is now reported that there is a revolutionary party in Hawaii, and that a rebellion may break out at any moment for the purpose of deposing the new Queen. The leader of the revolutionists is said to be a Mr. Wilcox, and an anonymous letter, of which he is supposed to be the writer, has been sent to one of the highest officials warning him that an attempt will be made on the Queen's life.

South America is still in a very disturbed state. In Brazil a new Constitution, voted by the Constituent Assembly, was promulgated on Feb. 24, but it has not been received with much enthusiasm by the people. On the following day the Presidential election took place, with the result that Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca was elected President of the Brazilian Republic for a term of four years by a majority of twenty-three, and General Floriano Peixoto Vice-President. The elections passed off without incident, and the strikes have terminated. The financial situation, however, leaves much to be desired, and it will require all the ability of the Government to place the finances of the country on a sound basis. The civil war in Chile has assumed a character of increasing savagery, both sides fighting with desperate energy and vindictiveness. The conflicting reports received from various sources make it impossible to form an opinion as to the ultimate result of the struggle now going on between President

Balmaceda and the Parliament. There is no doubt that the Congressionalists, as the insurgents are called, have effectually blockaded the ports, and that President Balmaceda can only obtain ammunition and arms from the Argentine, across the Andes. His position, therefore, is rather unfavourable, from a military standpoint, and, besides, the Catholic hierarchy has declared against him, while some of his political supporters have withdrawn from his side. Nothing daunted, however, President Balmaceda carries on the fight with undiminished vigour, both from the military and the political point of view. He has confiscated all the property of members of the Congressional party, and threatened to shoot their friends and relatives. On their side, the Congressionalists hold prisoners a number of friends of the President, and have informed him that if he dare to carry out his threats they will take life for life. Hundreds of Chilean citizens are leaving the country to seek refuge in the Argentine, and hundreds more are being put in prison by the Dictator's orders. A Presidential election was to take place on March 1, but it is not known whether it was proceeded with, and the probabilities are that it had to be postponed. In the Argentine Republic the state of siege was raised during the municipal elections on Feb. 22, when the candidates of the Union Civica were returned in a majority. The day after the elections the state of siege was proclaimed again, and four newspapers were suppressed. The Government pretends to fear an Anarchist plot in order to justify the measures it has taken to preserve order.



## THE 'REX' SHIRT.

REGISTERED 78,918.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Ready Made or to Measure.

For Dress or Ordinary Wear, 5/6 ... 6 for 32/-  
 " " " 7/6 ... 6 for 42/-  
 " " " 9/6 ... 6 for 54/-  
 SPECIAL for Ordinary Wear, 4/6 ... 6 for 23/-

## NEWMARKET SHIRTINGS

In the New Lilac and Fancy Striped Colourings.

To Order in 4 days, 6/6 ... 6 for 38/-

Write for Samples and Measurement Form.

PETER ROBINSON,  
 GENTLEMEN'S DEPT.,  
 OXFORD ST., W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS  
 MRS. WINSLOW'S  
 SOOTHING SYRUP  
 FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF &amp; HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED  
 PINE WOOL PRODUCTIONS.

For the Relief and Cure of  
 RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND THE  
 PREVENTION OF CHILLS.

FLANNEL and UNDERCLOTHING

to be obtained of all Hosiers and Drapers.

LAIRITZ'S PINE WOOL WADDING, OIL,

&c., of all the leading Chemists.

Awarded 18 Medals &amp; Diplomas. Established 1853.

CAUTION.—Observe the Tree (with Signature)

Trade Mark stamped on each piece.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM CURED!

Particulars and Testimonials post free of

PRINCE'S ITALIAN TREATMENT COMPANY, Limited,

92, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.

The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the

liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is un-

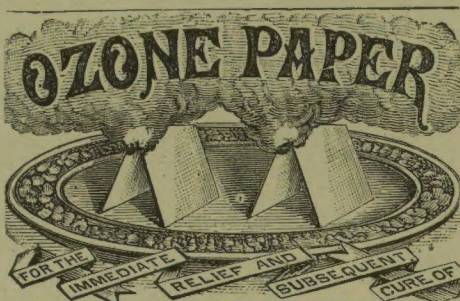
rivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

CURE YOUR CORNS Permanently.

Speedily and Painlessly by using LEROY'S MAGIC

TISSUE. Price 1s. 1½d.; post free for 14 stamps from

A. LEROY and CO., 30, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.



ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,  
 BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."

Dr. Thoroughgood.—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."

2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the

Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country

within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS &amp; Co., Chemists, 199, Strand, LONDON.

"G. B." "Lancet" Analysis and Medical Opinions Post Free.  
 FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. FOR RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

## DIABETES

48/- PER DOZEN. CARRIAGE PAID. WHISKY

OF THE PROPRIETORS:-

GEORGE BACK and COMPANY, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate.

THE GENUINE  
**EAU de BOTOT**  
 is the Only Dentifrice approved  
 by the ACADEMY OF MEDECINE OF PARIS.  
 May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and  
 preservative qualities of the liquid preparation. N.B. See each article has the signature  
 EAU DE BOTOT, 1/6, 2/6, 5/15, 30/1.  
 PASTE 1/6, 2/6, POWDER 1/6, 2/6.  
 FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

ADAMS'S THE OLDEST AND  
 FURNITURE BEST.  
 POLISH. "THE QUEEN"  
 Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
 Dec. 22, 1883.  
 Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,  
 Oilmen, &c.  
 MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

FISHER'S "EIFFEL"  
 £10 TO £100.



ALREADY A GREAT SUCCESS.  
 £10 TO £100.  
 OVERTOPS ALL OTHERS.  
 CATALOGUES FREE.  
**S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.**

COCKLE'S  
 ANTIBILIOUS  
 PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

## HOLLANDSCHE TANDMIDDELEN

for Cleansing the Teeth and Perfuming the Breath.

Tooth Elixir, 2s. 6d. per bottle.

Tooth Powder, 6d. and 1s. per box.

Tooth Paste, Clove Flavour, 2s. 6d.; Peppermint Flavour, 3s. per pot.

Prepared by A. FRIEDERICH,

Parveyor to H.M. the King of Holland.

SOLE AGENTS: R. HOVENDEN &amp; SONS, London.

LYCEUM.—THE LYONS MAIL, To-night  
 (Saturday) and Monday Night, at Eight. MUCH ADO  
 ABOUT NOTHING, next Tuesday Night. CHARLES L. next  
 Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Nights, and MATINEE  
 To-day (Saturday), at TWO. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open  
 Ten to Five. Lyceum.

First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by

BROWN and POLSON in 1856.

BROWN and POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

Was in the Field some time before any other was anywhere  
 heard of, and no other has now an Equal Claim to the  
 Public Confidence.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Awarded the

HIGHEST HONOURS

AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in ½ lb. and ¼ lb.

PACKETS.

For BREAKFAST,

LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Daily Consumption

exceeds 30 Tons.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Paris,

London,

New York.

Sold Everywhere.

SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist

and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; superior,

7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash.

Returned ready for use, carriage paid.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO. the only Makers

of the "EUREKA" SHIRT. Ask your Hosiery or

Draper in Country Towns for FORD'S "EUREKA." See

name stamped inside collar band.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO. send a Single

Shirt or more carriage free. Write for Illustrated

Price List and Self-Measure to the only Makers,

FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at

reduced prices sent free on application to

JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COMPANY,

Limited, supply GOODS on HIRE direct from Manufac-

turers; one, two, or three years' credit, without security. Fur-

chasers have the choice of 100 wholesale houses. Call or write

for prospectus. Address, SECRETARY, 43, Great Tower-st., E.C.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Established 1866.

Assurance Fund, Four Millions.

Mutual Assurance at least cost.

No. 31, King William-street, E.C.

BOARD FOR BOYS IN GERMANY.—A

Clergyman's Family offers to Board English Boys who

wish to study in Germany. Moderate Terms. PASTOR

HARDELAND, Lüneburg (Province of Hanover).

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.

The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,

Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for

delicate constitutions, ladies and children. Sold everywhere.

HOOPING COUGH.

CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without

internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.

EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,

whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.

Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

The Great Remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia.

The acute pain is quickly relieved and cured by this cele-

brated Medicine. All Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE

produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.

Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all

principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.

Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

OLD BLEACH WORKS.

Renowned all over the World for superiority of manufacture,

exquisite finish, and honest soundness, holding the first rank

among the highest class of pure Irish Linen Goods—a genuine

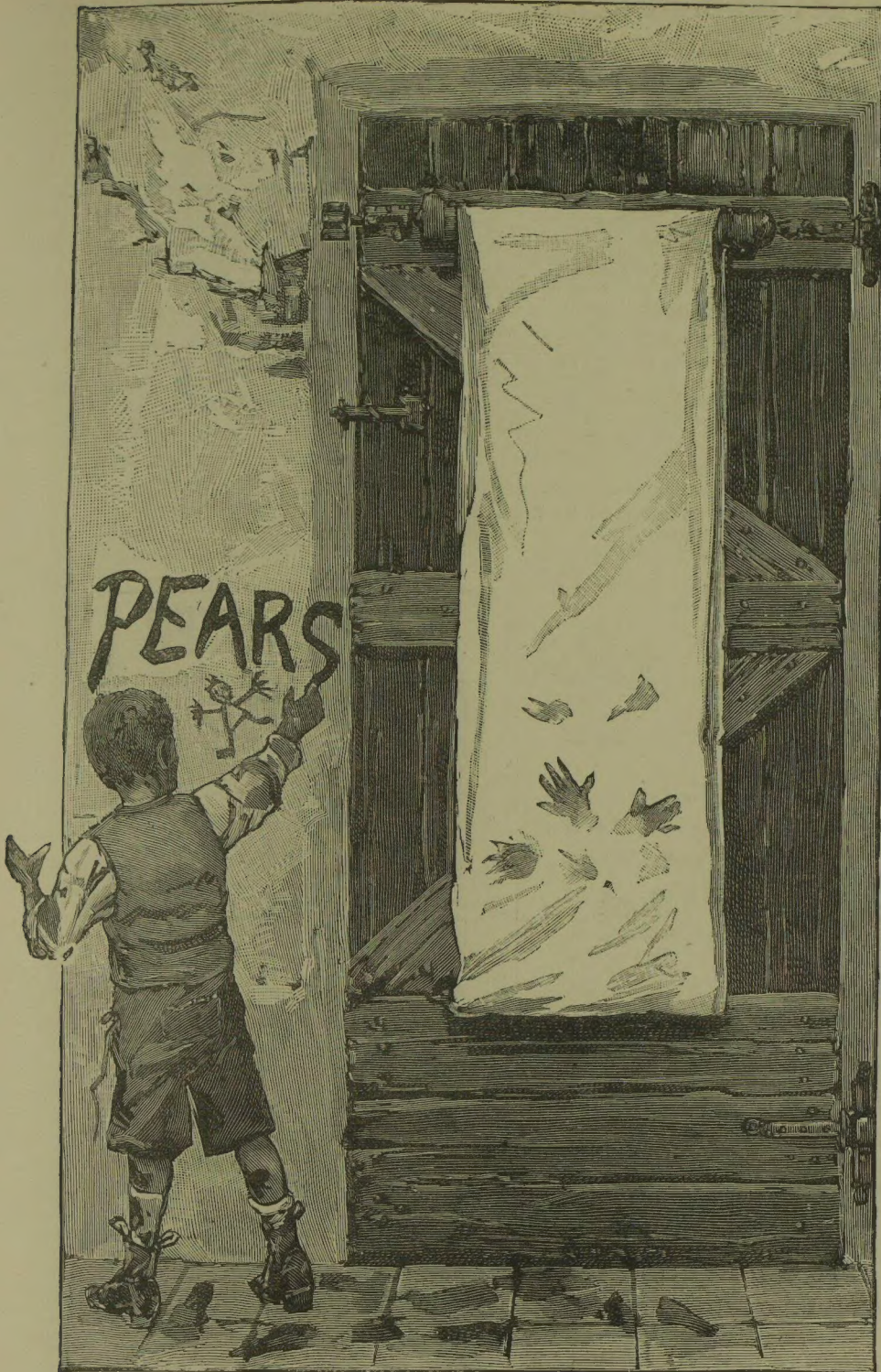
revival of the excellent old-fashioned grass-bleached Linens

of the past generation, which lasted a lifetime.

An exceptionally strong Linen, will last years.—The Queen.

Old Bleach Works: RANDALSTOWN, Co. ANTRIM.





20 Highest Awards.

THE FIRST LONDON, 1851.  
THE LAST EDINBURGH, 1890.

PEARS



BY APPOINTMENT  
SOAP MAKERS,  
TO H.R.H. THE  
Prince  
of Wales.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S  
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

**Oriental  
Tooth  
Paste**  
SIXTY  
YEARS  
IN USE.

CAUTION.—The  
Genuine only is  
signed JEWS-  
BURY & BROWN.  
All Perfumers &  
Chemists, 1s. 6d.  
and 2s. 6d. Pots.

**IZOD'S** PATENT CORSETS  
Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and  
Special Scientific Process.



Medical opinion recommends them  
for THE HEALTH.  
Public opinion all over the world  
unanimous that they are unsur-  
passed for COMFORT, STYLE,  
AND DURABILITY. Sold all  
over Europe, and everywhere in  
India and Colonies. Name and Trade  
Mark, Anchor, on every pair and  
box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter  
for IZOD'S make; take no other,  
and see you get them, as bad makes  
are often sold or sake of extra profit.  
Write for our sheet of Drawings.

**E. IZOD & SON,**  
30, Milk St., London.  
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS

PHOSPHATES NOURISH BRAIN AND FRAME.

PHOSPHATES GIVE STRENGTH TO BONE AND MUSCLE.

PHOSPHATES INVIGORATE AND ENRICH THE BLOOD.

**"FRAME FOOD" PORRIDGE**  
(NOT OATMEAL)

is a Cooked WHEATEN Powder, STRENGTHENED with the  
"FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT of PHOSPHATES from WHEAT BRAN.

A FOOD for EVERYBODY.

Does not Heat nor Irritate the most Sensitive Constitution.

HALF an OUNCE makes a BREAKFAST CUP;  
A BREAKFAST CUP makes a MEAL.

Sold by Chemists and Grocers, at 6s. 6d. per 7 lb., 1s. per 1 lb., and 7d. per ½ lb. Tins.

Or sent Carriage Paid, with full particulars, by

**FRAME FOOD CO., LTD.,** LOMBARD ROAD, BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATION.—"FRAME FOOD" EXTRACT is the nutritious matter extracted from  
WHEAT BRAN, and restores to WHITE FLOUR all the PHOSPHATIC nourishment lost in the separation of the  
Flour from the Bran by the Miller. It gives the special nourishing value to "FRAME FOOD" PORRIDGE.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS!—The LANCET says: "A preparation of great interest and high  
dietetic value. . . . An important contribution to scientific food supply."

Dr. EDWIN T. ENSOR, M.D., writes: "Your 'Frame Food' Preparations are eminently calculated to  
build up strong, healthy constitutions. . . . There is no quackery about them—they are sterling, honest, useful  
articles. . . . Calculated, I believe, to be of immense service."

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**  
(BREAKFAST.)

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which  
govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by  
a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected  
Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with  
a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many  
heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such  
articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually  
built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to  
disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around  
us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We  
may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves  
well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished  
frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an  
account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps  
and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their  
establishment in Holland-street, Blackfriars, London."—  
See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:  
**JAMES EPPS and CO.,**  
Homœopathic Chemists, London.

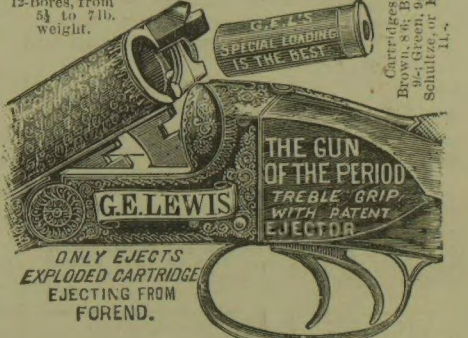
New Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready.

**G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS AND RIFLES.**

HONOURS: Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1880;

Melbourne, 1881; Calcutta, 1884.

12 Bores, from  
5½ to 7½  
weight.



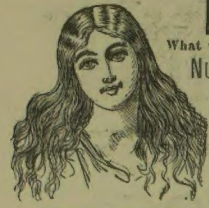
The above is the latest improvement in "the Gun of the  
Period," and is supplied at from 35 to 40 Guineas; other ejectors  
from 16 Guineas. We now supply the Anson and Dealey  
Farmers' and Keepers' quality, from 10 Guineas, cylinder bore,  
or choked. New 144-page Illustrated Catalogue for season  
1891, now ready, larger choice and better value than ever. Our  
stock of sporting guns, rifles, and revolvers is the largest and  
most varied of any one maker. Choice of 2000 Guns and Rifles.  
**G. E. LEWIS, GUNMAKER, BIRMINGHAM.**  
ESTAB. 1850.] [Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

**INVALIDS**  
May be speedily restored to health by wearing  
one of  
**HARNES'S  
ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.**  
Though they are guaranteed to generate continuous  
Electric currents, strong enough to cure almost all dis-  
orders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver,  
Kidneys, &c., they do not cause the least discomfort  
to the wearer; but, on the contrary, they give support  
to the various organs of the body, and  
**INVIGORATE**  
the entire frame. They also effectually prevent Rhen-  
matism, and kindred ailments. Thousands of Testi-  
monials from all classes of society may be seen at the  
**Electro-pathic and Zander Institute of the**  
**Medical Battery Co., Limited,**  
52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone Place.)  
Pamphlet, consultation, and advice,  
Free on application.

SCHWEITZER'S  
**COCOATINA**  
The Queen of Cocoas.



## NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.



What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH?  
NUDA VERITAS—NAKED TRUTH.  
For 23 years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair, either in youth or age. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent, and perfectly harmless.  
In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hair-dressers and Chemists. Circulars on application.  
Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN and SONS,  
31 & 32, Berners-street, W.; and 91-93, City-road, E.C.4, London.

## MELLIN'S FOOD.

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.



LAYETTES.  
HAND-MADE IN THE BEST STYLE, £11, £25, £47, £66.  
Set for Patterns, £33s. Layettes for India, £20, £37, &c.  
Handsome Christmas Robes and Cloaks, Babies Frocks,  
trimmed real Lace, &c. Goods sent on approval, with prices  
plainly marked, on receipt of reference or deposit.  
New Price List of Trouseaux, Layettes, Registered Swan-  
bill Corsets and Belts, Tea Gowns, &c., post free.  
**ADDLEY BOURNE,**  
174, SLOANE STREET, BELGRAVIA.

## TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to  
CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one  
seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES  
NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM."  
Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly  
and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is  
3 lbs.), post free eight stamps.  
**F. C. RUSSELL,** Woburn House,  
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.



## FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this Article, please ask for  
"Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs  
are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.



**THE FLORENTINE CYCLES.**  
Riders say: "No one could wish  
for better." Cash or Payments.  
Testimonials. Catalogue. Clearance  
List.  
**T. HOUGH,**  
Florence Works, Wolverhampton.

**IMPORTANT CAUTION!**  
Ladies are particularly cautioned to ask for

## "BEETHAM'S" GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER.

as the wonderful reputation this article has  
obtained for softening and beautifying the  
skin and complexion has induced many  
unprincipled persons to put up numerous  
preparations which they call "Glycerine and  
Cucumber," but which in reality contain no  
Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous  
preparations of lead and other minerals.  
The only genuine is "BEETHAM'S."  
Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., free for 3d. extra by  
**M. BEETHAM and SON,**  
CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.



Send for stamp selections on approval.  
Sure to please. 33 1-3 per c. commission.  
10 var. Mexico, 10c; Mexico 1864, 4 var. com-  
plete, 20c. Price-lists and premium offers  
free. Address **MOUND CITY STAMP**  
CO., 1501 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## HOME CURE FOR DEAFNESS

A book by a noted Aural Surgeon, describing a System of Curing  
Deafness and Noises in the Head, by which a self-cure is effected  
at home. The Rev. D. H. W. Harlock, of the Paragon, Milton  
under-Wychwood, writes: "Try the System by all means, it is  
first rate, and has been of the utmost service to me." Post free, 4d.  
**DE VEE & CO.,** Publishers, 22, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.

## THE SONG OF SOZODONT.

I was born in the woods, where the checkered  
Lends a charm to every bower; [shade  
Where the song of birds blends perfectly  
With the fragrance of the flower.  
I live in the homes of rich and poor—  
I live to do them good,  
I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with  
The odours of the wood.  
And clean and sweet is the path I leave  
Wherever my feet may tread;  
And thousands of those I bless, rain down  
Benedictions on my head!

## A FINE THING FOR THE TEETH.

Fragrant **SOZODONT** is a fluid compo-  
sition of the purest and choicest ingredients  
of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every  
ingredient is well known to have a beneficial  
effect on the teeth or gums. Its embalming  
or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance  
make it a toilet luxury. **SOZODONT**  
removes all disagreeable odours from the breath  
caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely  
free from the injurious and acrid properties of  
tooth pastes and powders, which destroy the  
enamel. One bottle will last six months. Of  
all Chemists, price 2s. 6d.

**NEW DESIGNS for the SPRING SEASON**  
are now ready, and can be sent by post on application.

**FIT GUARANTEED.**



RIDING  
HABITS  
with a New  
Safety Skirt  
(patented).

## LADIES' TAILOR

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, &c.

26 & 27, CONDUIT STREET, } LONDON, W.  
27, NEW BOND STREET, }

Also at Cowes, Paris, Nice, New York, Edinburgh, and 57, Cross Street, Manchester.

## WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO. LIMD.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

The only English Gunmakers awarded the GRAND  
PRIX, PARIS EXHIBITION.

## PATENT EJECTOR GUN.



OVER TWO THOUSAND ARE IN USE.

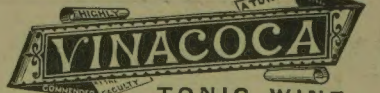
EJECTOR GUNS, £35; Highest Quality, £47.  
EJECTOR RIFLES, all bores, from £40.  
CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS, from £10 10s. to £42.  
HAMMERLESS GUNS from £15 15s. to £42.  
BOOK RIFLES, from £5 5s. to £10 10s.

Sole Manufacturers of the Westley Richards Falling Block  
and the Deely-Edge-Metford Rifles.

Price Lists and Drawings sent free by post on application.  
178, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON; 82, HIGH  
STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Gunmakers by Special Appointment to—  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES; H.R.H. THE DUKE OF  
EDINBURGH; and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

## TONIC WINE.



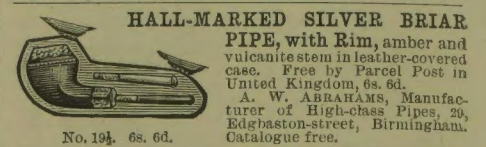
EMBRACING the THERAPEUTIC PROPERTIES of the  
COCA PLANT, BLENDED with the BEST MADEIRA.

## COCA FOR TROUBLESOME THROATS.

Testimony is not wanting from specialists in diseases of  
the throat, and dramatic and lyric artists, to show that Coca  
has a wonderfully invigorating effect upon the voice. Very  
much of the Coca Wine on the market is merely a solution  
of cocaine, which cannot be too severely condemned.  
The VINACOCA is carefully prepared from the best Coca  
Leaf only. (No addition of Cocaine.)

Medical men prescribe its use in preference to Quinine or  
any Bark Wine. Sold in bottles at 3s. 6d. each, or 40s. per  
dozen.  
COCA is prepared in various forms. COCA LOZENGES,  
COCA TABLETS, COCA ELIXIR, COCA TEA, COCA  
CHOCOLATE, STAMIN (Coca and Beef Extract), COCA  
TOBACCO, &c. Full particulars from

**THE FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY,**  
6, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W.

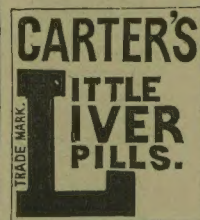


## HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR

PIPE, with Rim, amber and  
vulcanite stem in leather-covered  
case. Price by Parcel Post in  
United Kingdom, 6s. 6d.  
A. W. ABRAHAM, Manufac-  
turer of High-class Pipes, 20,  
Edgaston-street, Birmingham.  
Catalogue free.

No. 194. 6s. 6d.

## TORPID LIVER



Positively cured by  
these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dis-  
tress from Dyspepsia,  
Indigestion, and Too  
Hearty Eating. A per-  
fect remedy for Dizzi-  
ness, Nausea, Drowsi-  
ness, Bad Taste in the  
Mouth, Coated Tongue,  
Pain in the Side, etc.  
They regulate the  
Bowels and prevent  
Constipation and Piles. The smallest and  
easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable,  
and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle  
action please all who use them. Established  
1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In  
phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent  
by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot,  
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## HIMROD'S CURE OF ASTHMA

Established nearly quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.  
It is used as an inhalation, and without any after bad  
effects.

Among the thousands of testimonials the following will  
be read with interest:—  
"The only relief I could get."—"If I had known  
it earlier."  
—Lord Beaconsfield.

"I have tried every remedy ever invented, and  
HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I have  
absolute confidence."  
—Emily Faithfull.

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma."  
—Sir Morell Mackenzie.  
(In his clinical lecture at the London Hospital and  
Medical College).

"I have used all remedies—HIMROD'S CURE is the  
best. It never failed."  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Trial samples free by post. In Tins at 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.  
And also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, Lynch & Co.,  
Sangers, and all Wholesale Houses.

## ED. PINAUD PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

## LILAS de FRANCE (French Lilac) BORGHETTO

the two latest novelties, the most  
fragrant perfumes, in essences for the  
handkerchief, extra fine toilet soaps, face  
powder, sachets, cosmétiques, toilet-  
water, etc., in splendid fancy boxes;  
the great success of the season.

Sold by all first class perfumers  
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31, Berners  
Street (Oxford Street) LONDON W.



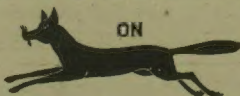
**RUPTURE**  
"DR. PIERCE'S  
MAGNETIC ELASTIC  
TRUSS" Only Electric Truss  
in the world. No Iron Hoops or Steel  
Springs! Easy to wear. This celebrated  
Truss has radically cured thousands  
of patients. Estab. 1875. Perfect fitting trusses  
sent to all parts of the world and we guarantee safe de-  
livery. For full particulars, write for Pamphlet No. 1.  
Address, **M. E. TRUSS CO., 704 Sacramento Street,**  
San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A. For Piles use our New  
Instrument for Home Treatment. Price, \$2 or 8s. 5d.

## PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle  
to-day of **PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN  
KILLER.** Acts directly on the seat of  
Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns,  
Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Head-  
ache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c.  
Internally it cures Colds, Liver Com-  
plaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indiges-  
tion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp  
and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea,  
Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d.  
and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn  
Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under  
misleading names.

## PAIN KILLER.

## UMBRELLAS




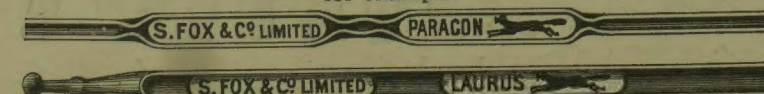
FOX'S


FRAMES

## S. FOX & CO LIMITED

To ensure a good umbrella see that THE FRAME is one of  
Fox's. These FRAMES are of world wide reputation and as  
compared with even very inferior makes add very slightly  
to the cost of an umbrella:—they are manufactured from  
special steel of S. F. & Co's. own make; are thoroughly  
tested at every process and include the latest improvements.

**S. FOX & CO LIMITED** and  are plainly marked on one  
STRETCHER or RIB of every frame they manufacture, together with one  
or more of their other trade marks according to the kind of frame;  
for example—



**S. FOX & CO LIMITED** and  **LAURUS**

N.B.—The stretchers of an Umbrella are the wires that connect the  
middle of the Ribs to the Stick.